TIRES ACCESSORIES AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS MOTORCYCLES

6 Day Sale Continues Monday

We are determined to move our entire stock of used cars at once
OUR LOSS—YOUR GAIN

CLARK-CROWLEY MOTORS, INC.
32 Brighton Ave., Boston STAdium 0781

CLOSED CARS AS LOW AS $26.75 NOTHING MORE TO PAY

Stock Includes

Chevrolet Coach	Pontiac Coach
'30 Ford Sport Roadster	'31 Ford Fordor
'29 Graham Sedan	'30 Auburn Sport Sedan
Oakland Sedan	'30 Durant Sport Coach
'31 Ford Tudor	'30 Pontiac Sedan
'28 Willys-Knight Sedan	'29 Chevrolet Roadster

If any car listed here or in our stock appeals to your needs you can buy it—almost at your own price—it costs nothing to look.
G. M. A. C. TERMS

HUDSON ESSEX Distributors Free 1932 Philco Radio Set!

With Every Used Car SOLD THIS WEEK $250 Upwards
100 CARS All Makes All Models To Choose From
Complete with Tubes
Ask About Terms NO CASH DOWN
Open Evenings

26 Packard 7-pass Sedan	$195
30 Chevrolet Coupe	350
30 Ford Coupe	295
30 Chevrolet Coach	350
30 Chevrolet Touring	295
29 Plymouth Sedan	290
30 Pontiac Coach	350
30 Fordor Sedan	365
28 Graham-Paige Coupe	295

THE HENLEY KIMBALL Co. 650 BEACON ST. KENmore 4010 Also 157 Vassar St Cambridge

OAKLAND-PONTIAC Goodwill Used Cars

'30 Pontiac Coupe, late series, like new	$495
'30 Marquette 4-Door Sedan	375
'28 Buick 47-S 4-door Sedan	345
'29 Chrysler 65 2-Door Sedan	395
'29 8 Pontiac 2-Door Sedan	165
'29 Pontiac Conv. Cabriolet	325
'28 Reo Flying Cloud 4-P. Coupe	345
'29 Reo Flying Cloud 4-P. Coupe	445
'29 Pontiac Big Six Coupe	295
'28 Pontiac 4-Door Sedan	265
'31 Reo Royale Victoria, 6000 miles cost $2445, Bargain at	1445
'29 Roosevelt Conv. Cabriolet	295
'27 Reo Flying Cloud Sedan	265
'28 Oakland Coach; cleanest car in N. E.	345

MOTOR CAR CO. of N. E.
Sales and Super Service All in Modern Building
179 Amory Street
At 850 Commonwealth Ave.
Near Cottage Farm Bridge
REGENT 6460 Open Evenings

SALES SERVICE

Hello Hello Hello

Now is your chance to buy your car cheap.
Our New Winter Prices

'30 Convertible Coupe	$315
'30 Chrysler Sedan	435
'30 De Soto 8 Sedan	450
'30 De Soto 8 Roadster	475
'28 Hudson Sedan	185
'28 Graham Paige	225

Six Wire Wheels
Many others to choose from
Lafayette Sq. Garage, Inc.
Plymouth-De Soto-Auburn Dealers
844 MAIN ST., CAMBRIDGE
TEL. PORTER 6188-6189
OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P. M.

$10 DOWN—20 MONTHS TO PAY
1930 Chevrolet Sedans and Coaches, $350 to $450; 1930 Ford Sport Coupe, $350; 1928 Chevrolet Sedans and Coaches, $165 to $195; 1928 Pontiac Sport Coupe, $265; 193. Chevrolet Sport Sedan, $595; 1928 Chevrolet Coach Delivery, $195; 1930 Chevrolet Beverly Body, $350; 1928 Model Hudson Coach, $120; Dodge Graham 1-ton Panel, $220.
STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 346 Main St.; Charlestown 0067.

'30 WILLYS KNIGHT SEDAN $795
In finest possible condition, silent peppy motor, fine tires, finish like new. Your chance for a great saving. Terms.
J. C. HARVEY
Peerless, Willys, Willys-Knight
971 Commonwealth Ave.
Stadium 7440. Open Evenings

'26 DIANA 8 BROUGHAM $195
Upholstery like new, tires almost new, very sporty; trunk at rear.
J. C. HARVEY
Peerless, Willys, Willys-Knight
971 Commonwealth Ave.
Stadium 7440. Open Evenings.

10 TO $300
'27 Essex Coach $35; '28 Chrysler Sedan $50; '28 Whippet Cabriolet $85. Central Auto Sales, Inc., 94 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Porter 4532.

$225, ESSEX Challenger Coach, has original finish, like new; this is a beautiful car and is a real bargain to sell quick; call me and get complete detail. Mr. Reed, Aspinwall 4512, Mon. or Tuesday.

$245, CHEVROLET Coupe, with rumble seat, nice sporty car, like new in appearance and with good tires; this car is low price to sell quick. Call me and get detail. Mr. Osborn, Aspinwall 4512.

1929 FORD FORDOR $235
Excellent condition. 878 Commonwealth Ave. Terms. Open Eves. KENmore 3910.

'29 Olds Business Coupe, $395
Adjustable front seat; spacious rear compartment new tires clean car fine mechanically 30 day guarantee, easy terms OLDS MOTOR WORKS 983 Commonwealth Av. STAdium 8820—Open Evenings.

Pontiac Sedan, 4 Door, $175
Good car throughout; will trade. Murray-Burns Co., 1037 Comm. Ave. STAdium 9303

$215.00, 1928 NASH Victoria Coupe advance Six; 4 passenger, a beautiful car; 4-wheel brakes, good tires and worth twice this price; will give terms if needed. For more detail call Mr. Burns, Aspinwall 4512 Monday or Tuesday.

1929 FORD TUDOR SEDAN
This is a very good clean car and can be purchased for $75 down. Notes at $15 per month.
LALIME & PARTRIDGE, INC.
1255 Boylston St., KENmore 2760

1929 WILLYS KNIGHT Sport Coupe model 70-B; just repossessed and must be sold for outstanding balance, $335. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings EVErett 5145.

1928 PACKARD 5-26 Sedan; refinished, guaranteed; an $800 car for $595. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings, EVErett 5145.

1931 FORD TUDOR SEDAN
A real bargain. $425.
LALIME & PARTRIDGE, INC.,
1255 Boylston St., KENmore 2760.

1931 DODGE sedan; repossessed; has slight body dent; must be sold now; $595. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave. Stadium 3500; evenings, Everett 5145.

1928 DODGE 6 sedan; most popular six-cylinder on market; perfect shape; $295. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave, Stadium 3500; evenings, Everett 5145.

1930 PLYMOUTH Sedan, 2d Series, practically new; must be sacrificed this week; $325. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings EVErett 5145.

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN
'28 Packard Sedan, splendid, $490; 27 others Finance Co.; Asp 6620.

PACKARD 1928 SEDAN, 2-26—Excellent condition; must be seen to be appreciated; private owner. Milton 1863 or 0230.

1929 NASH 5-PASS. SEDAN $350
H. E. Hertig, KENmore 1495 (to 9 p.m.) See car at 630 Comm. Ave. Terms.

WHITTREDGE GARAGES

Fireproof MADE OF METAL Looks like the Picture Delivered and Erected
$165

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Visit Our Exhibit Open 7 Days a Week.
Boston, etc., and Newtons Telephone EVErett 3879
TEL. BREakers 3210 Office and Factory
Whittredge Portable Buildings Co.
On North Shore Boulevard
972 Broad St.
WEST LYNN, MASS.

GLASS ENCLOSURES

For All Open Cars
$15.00 to $45.00
AUTO PAINTING—TOPS REPAIRED BODY, FENDER AND WOODWORK
Commonwealth Top & Body Co.
482 BROOKLINE AVE., BOSTON
Open Evenings. Tel. Kenmore 3232

$5 DEAD Storage

ALL WINTER
SPACE FOR 5000 CARS
A fireproof warehouse convenient to all points in Greater Boston. All charges payable when car is stored. Open every day till 5 P. M. Make reservations early
NOW TILL APRIL 1st $5 ONLY
VICTORY TERMINAL WAREHOUSE (VICTORY PLANT)
Squantum, Mass.
GRAnite 0550

1930 Chevrolet ½ Ton
Canopy top body; used only 6000 miles, repossessed for non-payment of notes, will sell for balance due, just right for light delivery. Liberal terms—call Garrison 9631, Mr. Harry Kohler.

Autos Wanted
We pay spot cash. See us before selling. 1182 COMMONWEALTH AVE. REGENT 1193

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID
for your automobile. Capital Motor Car Co., 1 Brighton Ave. Algonquin 9555.

1930 CHEVROLET Sport Sedan, 6 rims; trunk rack; perfect condition throughout; $385. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave. STAdium 3500; evenings, EVErett 5145.

1931 FORD DE LUXE ROADSTER
Low mileage; like new; a very fine car. $395.
LALIME & PARTRIDGE, INC.,
1255 Boylston St., KENmore 2760

1926 HUDSON 4-door Brougham; excellent condition throughout; must be sacrificed immediately; $235. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings EVErett 5145.

CASH for your car. Drive in. 192 Broadway, Somerville.

We Buy Used Cars for Cash. 1031-1033 Commonwealth Ave. Tel. Alg. 9359

FORD '28 Business Coupe, $135 Easy terms, Mr. B. B. Converse, 1019 Com. Ave. STA. 3400 Till 9 P. M.

ELECTRIC CAR, good condition, $175. 613 Walnut St., Newtonville. New. No. 1763

1927 WILLYS-KNIGHT sedan, good condition, $275 Aspinwall 4800 or, Sta. 7617.

SPECIAL 10 DAY SALE!

PENNSYLVANIA VACUUM CUP TIRES

GUARANTEED 20,000 MILES
FIRST QUALITY—FIRST LINE

SAVE 40% TO 50%

29x4.40	$3.75	30x5.25	$6.25
29x4.50	3.85	31x5.25	6.30
30x4.50	4.25	29x5.50	6.75
28x4.75	4.90	30x5.50	6.85
29x4.75	4.95	30x6.00	7.25
29x5.00	5.35	31x6.00	7.30
30x5.00	4.95	32x6.00	7.40
31x5.00	5.75	33x6.00	7.50
28x5.25	5.85	34x6.00	8.75
29x5.25	6.20	35x6.00	9.50

Open Evenings Until 9 P. M.—Sat. 9 P. M. Free battery and tire service

BRAND NEW BATTERY 13 PLATE ROYAL STORAGE BATTERY $3.89 Each WITH YOUR OLD BATTERY

1932 General All Electric Radio Superheterodyne $19.75 Reg. Price $39.50 Complete with 5 tubes — nothing else to buy.

Genuine TEXACO MOTOR OIL 59c / GAL. in 5-Gal. Sealed cans

Field's Inc
Mail Orders, Send Full Amount Save C.O.D. Charges.
1030 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE BOSTON

FINANCE CO.
120 Brighton Ave. Alg. 9519
Special Announcement
Your Own Terms

'30 LaSalle Sedan	$1495
'29 Franklin 135 Sedan	$695
'30 Ford Tudor	$284
'29 Essex Chal. Coach	$235
'29 Ford Tudor	$184
29 Ford Sport Roadster	$174
'29 Chevrolet Coach	$210
'28 Buick Stand. Coach	$285
'28 Essex Sedan	$145
'29 Ford Sport Coupe	$187
'26 Nash Spec. Sedan	$140
'26 Nash Spec. Touring	$69
'28 Essex Spt. Roadster	$135
'28 Studebaker Dic. Sedan	$190
'26 Ford Touring Model T	$12
'27 Essex Coach	$35
'28 Ford Sport Roadster	$120
80 Chrysler 7-Pass. Sedan	$495
54 Others to Choose From	$50 Up

ALL KINDS
Liberal Trade Allowance

INTERNATIONAL SEMI-VAN
1½-ton with 11x6 ft. semi-van body; overhauled and painted; 30x5 dual tires. Terms, $200 down, balance monthly.
International Harvester Co.
61 North Beacon St., Boston
STAdium 1802

ANOTHER FLASH
Any Reasonable Down Payment
1927 Hupmobile Sedan, a beauty, $95; 1928 Chrysler Roadster, $145; 1927 Oakland Sport Roadster, $75, see this one; 1927 Nash Sport Roadster, $85; 1926 Chrysler Coach, $35; 1926 Reo Sedan, $85, 1926 Overland 6 Coach, new tires, $45; 1927 Essex Sedan, $165; 1929 Whippet 6 Sedan, $250.
PROGRESSIVE MOTOR SALES, INC.
12 Marshall St., Somerville, Som. 4997

$199, 1928 LOCOMOBILE Coupe, 8 cylinder, rumble seat, a real sporty car; paint like new and nice in every way; at this price it is a real bargain. For detail, Mr. Mawhinney, Aspinwall 4512.

PEERLESS 8 SEDAN $150
Just refinished, chromium plated, new tires, sturdy and powerful.
J. C. Harvey—Peerless
971 Commonwealth Ave. Stadium 7440
Open Evenings

$495, HUPMOBILE Victoria Coupe, 4 passenger with De Luxe equipment; looks and is like new; someone will get a real bargain. Call me and get detail. Mr. Newton. Aspinwall 4512; terms if you wish them.

1928 WILLYS KNIGHT Sedan, 5-pass.; new tires; privately owned; perfect condition; $295. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings, EVErett 5145.

ESSEX SEDAN, $75
This is a very clean job throughout.
LALIME & PARTRIDGE, INC.,
1255 Boylston St., KENmore 2760

1930 DODGE 8 Sedan, perfect shape; must be sold immediately; $565. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings, EVErett 5145.

$210; GRAHAM DODGE 1¼-ton furniture body, 26 Brighton Ave., Allston. Tel. Alg. 9877.

1927 CHANDLER SEDAN, A-1 condition, good tires. 4 Colonial Ave., Dorchester. Geneva 1373.

'30 Ford Coupe and brand new 1932 Philco Radio $295. Terms. 650 Beacon St.; KEN. 4010; open evenings.

$150 DOWN, 20 months to pay; 1931 Studebaker sedan; owner. Highlands 9046.

"Priced Below the Market"

$675
1930 Studebaker 6 5-Pass. Sedan
Car is as good as brand new automobile. Has the powerful Studebaker 70 horsepower motor. Mohair upholstery. Perfect finish.

$345
'28 Studebaker Commander Sedan
Finished in tan duco, broadcloth upholstery, new tires, perfect mechanical condition. A fast powerful car at a bargain.
Phone for demonstration.
Newton Garage & Auto Co.
STUDEBAKER DEALERS
24 Brook St., Newton
Tel. N. N. 1300-1301

Somerville Auto Bargain
LATE '27 Cadillac sport sedan, $300; this car cannot be told from new, always privately owned.
'27 Ford tudor, new tires $25
2nd Series '28 Essex sed., ex. clean, $140
'27 Chrysler sedan, exceptional buy, $70
'30 Ford road., tudors and coupes, $150 up
'29 Chevrolet sport sedan, like new, $200
'29 Essex coupes, coaches and sed., $145 up
Lots more .... $25 up to $500
JIM'S, 192 Broadway, Somerville
Somerset 8573

1930 FORD Town Sedan; like new; good tires; trunk rack; fender well; cheap at $365. Call J. E. Johnson, 989 Commonwealth Ave., STAdium 3500; evenings, EVErett 5145.

Automobile Trucks

INTERNATIONAL RACK
1930 3-ton with 14x7 ft. high rack side body; overhauled and painted; new 36x8 dual tires. Terms.
International Harvester Co.
61 North Beacon St., Boston
STAdium 1802

TRUCKS—TRUCKS
Prices Slaughtered
Panels, Screens, Platforms, Stake, etc.
1930 Dodge Panel, 1-ton $495
1930 Dodge 3-ton Stake $795
Weekly Monthly Terms.
DODGE TRUCK DIVISION
69 North Beacon St., Brighton, STA. 6400
In the heart of the truck district

1927 FORD TON TRUCK
Runs very good, $50.
LALIME & PARTRIDGE, INC.,
1255 Boylston St., KENmore 2760

Automobile Storage

AUTO STORAGE
HEATED and FIREPROOF
NOW UNTIL APRIL 1st
$20.00
39 Chapel Street, Newton
CALL NEWTON NORTH 7491 OR ASPINWALL 1982

DEAD STORAGE—$3 PER MONTH
Call Columbia 0729.
We do the rest.
KENBERMA GARAGE—FIREPROOF

Automobile Schools

$10 GUAR. to teach until you get a license; 8 lessons $5. 429 Tremont St.; Hub 4339

NASH

OUR REPUTATION IS YOUR PROTECTION
Trade Mark Registered

ANNUAL USED CAR SALE

The Sale It Has Paid You To Wait For!

This is our 6th Annual Used Car Sale! It is a sale purposely designed to enable owners of Nash Cars to trade for later models at the least possible cost! And to make new friends for NASH cars of former owners of miscellaneous makes!! Building goodwill in an event like this impresses you more and more with our idea of a SQUARE DEAL FOR ALL.

NASH CARS

Model		Formerly	ANNUAL SALE PRICE
'30—490—	5-pass., 8 cyl. Sedan	$1050	$895
'30—880—	Sedan, 8-cyl., 5-pass	1050	950
'29—470—	Sedan, Twin Ignition, Adv. 6	700	595
'29—467—	Ambassador, Adv. 6 Sedan	750	695
'29—420—	Sedan, 5-pass., Standard 6	450	395
'29—423—	Sedan, 2-door, Standard 6	425	350
'28—320—	Sedan, Standard 6	325	275
'28—340—	Sedan, 5-pass., Special 6	375	345
'28—367—	Ambassador, Advanced 6	525	425
'28—370—	Sedan, 5-pass., Advanced 6	425	375

1930 Nash Sedan, 5-Pass., Twin Ignition, 8-cyl. motor; popular medium size car; excellent condition throughout; fully guaranteed.
Annual Sale Price **$745**

1929 Nash Sedan, 5-Pass. Twin Ignition. Special Six motor; original finish—see it. It tells you the whole story of careful handling.
Annual Sale Price **$545**

1929 Nash Standard Six Sedan, 5-Pass.; excellent value for small family; comfortable, easy riding, very economical car.
Annual Sale Price **$395**

BUICKS

'30 Sedan	$745
'29 Coach	465
'29 Coupe	675
'27 Sedan	225

ESSEX

'29 Sedan	$295
'28 Sedan	150
'27 Coach	60
'26 Coach	40

REO

'29 "Mate" Coupe	$425
'29 Fl.-Cl. Coupe	525
'30 Fl.-Cl. Coach	745
'29 Sport Rdstr.	425

MISCELLANEOUS

'27 Hudson Sedan	095
'28 Ford Model A Coach	95
'28 Chevrolet Coupe	125
'28 Peerless Sedan	185
'29 Whippet Sedan	195
'28 Erskine Coach	195
'27 Packard Phaeton	275
'26 Franklin Sedan	275
'28 Marmon 68 Sedan	295
'30 Whippet Sedan	295
'29 Pontiac Roadster	295
'31 Ford Sport Roadster	345
'29 Oldsmobile Coupe	345
'29 Chrysler 65 Coach	395
'29 Marmon 68 Sedan	425
'30 Durant Sport Coupe	475
'29 Auburn Sedan	475
'30 Marquette Sedan	495
'30 De Soto Roadster	495
'29 Hudson Coupe	495
'29 Chrysler 75 Sedan	550
'28 Franklin Sedan	595
'31 Graham Std. Sed.	695

STUDEBAKER

'31 Dict. 8 Sed.	$795
'31 Dict. Coupe	595
'30 Pres. 8 Sed., 7-P.	795
'27 Victoria	190
'27 Sedan	295
'26 Sedan	125

WILLYS-KNIGHT

'29 Coupe	$435
'28 Sedan	395
'27 Sedan	195
'25 Sedan	95

MANY OTHERS

Your Car Accepted as Part or ALL of First Payment—Balance Convenient Terms

NASH NEW ENGLAND COMPANY
1400-1405 OPEN EVENINGS KENmore
630 COMMONWEALTH AVE. USED CAR DEPARTMENT

The Cold Season is Now Due—GET READY!

HEATERS TIRE CHAINS ANTI-FREEZE
PAINTING WINTER FRONTS BATTERIES
GLASS ENCLOSURES—TOP REPAIRING

CLOSE-OUT OF Practo Winter Fronts
AT $1.00 $3.50 VALUE FOR ALL CARS While They Last
PRACTO WINTER FRONTS were made to sell at $3.50 up. We have decided to discontinue this number. The price now is $1.00
PRACTO WINTER FRONTS will keep your motor warm, save gas and prevent drafts through floor. Felt lined; beautifully made.
Pin $1 to this adv. and mail now, giving name, year and model of your car.
International Mfg. Co.
217 ALBANY STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

BEWARE!
Why take winter risks with your car? It's much cheaper to PRE-pare than to RE-pair!
Headquarters for ALL Winter Car Accessories.
In our SERVICE STATION we inspect and tune up any make of car. An official Brake and Light Service Station. Install All Winter Accessories. ALL WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES
2 TO 5 TIMES MORE HEAT with the FRANCISCO CAR HEATER $3.75 to $26.00 FOR ALL MAKES HOT AIR OR WATER
McKAY ANTI-FREEZE Protects your radiator in zero weather. $3.00 per gallon.
Battery $4.95 and up Dependable at low prices and winter starting troubles.
McKAY CHAINS minimize danger at very low cost.
GREEN & SWETT CO.
1249 BOYLSTON ST., KEN. 2850
Quincy Branch 78 Washington St.

Dentistry

Specializing in Plates and Bridge-work Only . .

Compare Our Prices With Others

Good Set	$7
Featherweight Set	$10
Gold Dust Rubber Set	$15
GOLD CROWNS	$5
BRIDGE-WORK, per tooth	$5

EXTRACTION .... $1.00 Examination FREE. Estimates FREE. CLEANING .... $1.00 All work FULLY GUARANTEED

ONE DAY SERVICE FOR OUR OUT-OF-TOWN PATRONS. Come to our office in the morning, have your dental work completed the same day.

For Your Protection Every dentist in our employ is registered by the Massachusetts State Board of Dentistry, and has had from 15 to 25 years' experience. No young or inexperienced dentists employed.

AVERY DENTAL PARLORS
DR. W. E. BURNS, MGR.
578 Washington St., Cor. Haywood Pl.
Hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. OPEN EVENINGS Phone Han. 7049

Furs

MAX'S LOAN OFFICE $15 up
Unredeemed Fur Coats. All new styles. Hundreds of fur coats to choose from. Taken from our Loan Department. All must be sold at this ridiculously low price regardless of original values or loans.
176-185 Broadway, Boston 1 Min. from Met. Theatre

Buy Old Furs for Cash—MURRAY'S, 515 Washington St. ROOM 306 Open Till 8 P. M. HAN. 4864

Auction Sales

COLLATERAL LOAN CO.
75 CORNHILL, BOSTON
143rd Semi-Annual
AUCTION SALE
Unredeemed Pledges
November 17, 18, 19, 20
License 1

Help Wanted—Female

ARTISTS
To design greeting cards; good opportunity. Baton Art Studio, 120 Tremont St.

Fur Finisher Apply B. Schwartz & Co., 684 Broadway, Everett. Telephone Everett 1703

REPRESENTATIVE—Earn $25 weekly, no experience showing Mary Rose dresses, $1.00 uniforms, shirts hosiery; gorgeous free outfit. 75 Rodasi Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

WOMEN wanted to run towel clubs. Clinto Towel Co., Clinton, Mass.

Help Wanted—Male

Divisional Sales Manager Wanted
to establish distributing organizations and supervise sales in your section for non-competitive household product. Used internationally in 5,000,000 homes. Product enjoys rapidly increasing volume of automatic repeat business.
Annual earnings of $25,000 possible from management of divisions to meet minimum quotas for distributors who operate under exclusive franchises in protected territories.
The man our client requires is a trained organizer and successful sales executive. Submit detailed statement of your qualifications and experience. Write:
STANLEY E. GUNNISON, Inc.,
Advertising Counsel
67 West 44th Street, New York City, N.Y.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED
To sell Mystic Range Oil Burners, Great inducement to men who are alert and take advantage of the great demand for range oil burners.
Medford Sales & Service Co.
446 MAIN ST., MEDFORD, MASS.
MYSTIC 6294-W

Salesmen — Saleswomen
Wanted to sell BUNSEN RANGE OIL BURNERS. Liberal commissions. 722 South St. Roslindale. Parkway 6095.

DELIVERY Route Man with car to supply famous line of household goods to steady customers. Must be satisfied with $27.50 a week at start. Write Albert Mills, Route Mgr., 7203 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

LAUNDRY Solicitor with car. Apply Derwent Hand Laundry, 392 Mass. Ave., Boston.

Help Wanted—Male

SALESMEN! SELL BOSTONIAN GUARANTEED SHIRTS!
One of New England's largest shirt manufacturers now selling its product direct to the wearer offers a real opportunity in every city and town in New England. Specialized manufacture enables you to sell our genuine full count broadcloth shirts—Sanforized shrunk—vat-dyed colors—our own expert cutting and stitching at competitive prices. You can build a solid, substantial repeat order business with our line and make good right from the start. Call today or write tonight sure to Employment Manager, Bostonian Mfg. Co., 59 Bickford St., Jamaica Plain, Boston. Established 1863.

Solicitor for Collection Agency
Good, steady position, commission basis to start; preference to those connected with business houses. Apply CAPITOL ADJUSTMENT BUREAU, 600 Washington St., Boston. Apply Monday, 9-12 A.M.

JUNIOR SALESMEN
THREE under twenty-two, of neat appearance, with high school or college training, for special sales work. Good chance for advancement. $21 weekly salary. Apply Hearst Organization, 73 Tremont St., Room 720.

RADIO STATION WAAB
ADVERTISING SALESMAN, commission. Liberty 8813.

PRINTING SALESMAN on commission. A-101, Sunday Advertiser.

Agents—Salesmen

AN unusual opportunity; make $200 monthly extra; exclusive line work uniforms; coveralls, jackets, pants, shirts, caps; advertising embroidered; every business prospect. Master Co., Ligonier, Ind.

CALIFORNIA Perfumed Beads selling like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission Factory E 62, 2328 West Pico, Los Angeles, Cal.

CREW MANAGERS Producing sales people to act as crew managers; live proposition for honest, reliable persons with direct selling experience who are willing to work hard every day; good opportunity to join large organization; wonderful chance for big earnings. Sedler Frocks, Dep. CM, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEN—Good wages selling Polish. Write Harlington Auto Polish Mfg., Harlington, N. J.

Agents—Salesmen

SELL THE NEWEST CREATION GLASSETTE CHRISTMAS FOLDERS IN A BOX ASSORTMENT
NOTHING on the market like it; you have no competition, also our exclusive 21-card box and our 125-piece gift wrapping asst., these outstanding Christmas asstmts cost you only 50c per box and sell for $1, you make a clear 100% profit. Write or call for particulars, WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water St., Boston.

CHRISTMAS CARDS
25 BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED CARDS WITH NAME IMPRINTED ON EACH CARD sells for $1.50. COSTS YOU $1. Also individual personal cards. 21 and assortment sells for $1.00, costs you 50c. Write for particulars MT. HOPE ART CO., 315 Pearl St., Cambridge, Mass.

1 BOX XMAS CARDS FREE
With every 10-box order. Box of 16 cards costs 40c, sells 75c. Box 21 cards costs 50c, sells $1.00. Box 15 engraved cards costs 35c, sells 75c. Box 15 engraved cards with name imprinted on each card costs 50c, sells $1.00. WATER VALE ART, Dexter Bldg., 453 Washington St., corner Winter. Room 712. Hubbard 0308

CALIFORNIA WINE BRICKS
Highest quality, order direct from manufacturer; 1 case (24 bricks; full size), $9; prices in quantities per case: 5 cases, $8; 10, $7.50; 25, $7; 50 and over $6.50; 50% deposit with each order. Porto Claro Co., 128 North Wells, Dept. 102, Chicago.

GO INTO BUSINESS
Make big money. We start you furnishing everything. Experience unnecessary. Federal Pure Food Co., 2301 Archer, Chicago.

EVERY home needs Gartside's Iron Rust Soap, removes ink, rust, fruit, medicine, nicotine and all washable stains from clothing and fabrics; agents wanted Dept. K, 677 Preston St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXPERIENCED Pharmaceutical salesman. Must have acquaintance with physicians or veterinarians; able to furnish bond and car. Give details. R. J. Strasenburgh Co., Rochester, N. Y.

JUST out: Cement-On Rubber Soles, cut shoe bills in half, outwears leather, keep feet dry, prevent slipping, comfortable; also 47 other rubber specialties; big money for agents; outfit free. Write Kristee Mfg. Co., 85 Bar St., Akron, Ohio.

LADY CANVASSERS—Sell Heal Kwik prevents blood poison; 35c, seller, 20c. A. J. Poptier, Clifton, N. J.

Agents—Salesmen

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Worth $20, $30, $35, $40. Now $7.95, $9.75, $12.75, $14.75, $18.50.
STETSON CLOTHING CO.
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Open Evenings Till 9—Saturdays Till 11 P. M.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, November 15, 1931

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A Race of Supermen Who Perished 20,000 Years Ago?

Evidence Which Suggests There Was a Powerful and Highly Civilized People Who Understood Secrets of Nature and Science Which Were Only Recently Rediscovered by Modern Man—Where They Lived—What Destroyed Them

The Discoveries of Modern Science Tend to Prove That Our First Parents Must Have Looked Like This Creature. Did a Group of Descendants of This Common Ancestor Set Off on a Path of Evolution in Some Part of the World, Which Led It to a Degree of Civilization and Scientific Knowledge Thousands of Years Ago Which We Have Reached Only Today?

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER I.

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HISTORY tells us that Galileo made the first telescope about 300 years ago, and thus revealed to mankind that the Milky Way in the heavens was really a mass of countless billions of stars which could not be seen with the naked eye. But there are suggestions that the truth about the Milky Way was known to ancient astronomers thousands of years ago.

The great pyramid of Cheops in Egypt was laid out with a knowledge of astronomy and mathematics 5,000 years ago and with a use of scientific instruments of such perfection and precision that modern scientists stand before it in amazement. That great pyramid reveals, some experts believe, knowledge which has been lost to mankind for fifty centuries and only rediscovered in recent years.

Assyrian monuments thousands of years old show representations of what may be intended for the planet Saturn surrounded with a ring—a fact which could only be known by viewing Saturn through a telescope—and history tells us that man's discovery of the telescope dates back only three hundred years.

It is only within the present generation that scientists discovered what is known as the transmutation of metals—the changing of one metal into another. And only very recently did science find out that mercury and gold are the nearest to one another in their atomic constitution, and therefore mercury would be the metal most easily transmuted into gold. And yet the startling fact confronts us that the old alchemists knew this and busied themselves with the task of trying to change mercury into gold. How did they know that it was mercury, a metal so entirely unlike gold, which was the nearest to gold in atomic constitution?

Even the wise men of ancient Egypt may not have been the inventors of the scientific instruments which enabled them to build the pyramid of Cheops, nor is there any evidence that they invented a telescope which revealed the individual stars of the Milky Way or the ring around Saturn. Where then did they get their knowledge? Was there a race of supermen, a few of whom struggled into Egypt with this knowledge and these scientific achievements? And why have they disappeared from the face of the earth, leaving no records?

When We See an Idol Like This or Any Object Inspired by Similar Sentiment We Generally Attribute It to Primitive Races. But Perhaps, on the Contrary, It Is the Last Manifestation, Deformed and Degenerate, of a Race That Was Powerful and Civilized Before Known History and of Which Only These Degraded Remains Exist Today.

But there is some evidence that they did exist and have left records, and when these are discovered and interpreted, modern science may have to take off its hat to an ancient science of the past, one that in some amazing way saw into the truth of things, got to the heart of problems almost entirely without the aid of telescopes, microscopes, cameras, laboratories and the various tools and instruments of precision with which the modern scientist surrounds himself. The further one peers into the mists of the remote past the more signs appear that a great race, empty-handed, by the sheer power of intellect, got at an astounding amount of scientific truth by methods that can only be called a lost science.

Lost it certainly is. A modern scientist, without his equipment is like a fish out of water. If an Edison or Marconi or others of the best scientific inventive men of today could be transported 50,000 years into the past with all their modern knowledge but empty-handed, they would be lucky to survive as cave men. For lack of laboratories, mines and machine shops, their inventions would hardly get much beyond fire, the bow and arrow, cultivating a few grains and perhaps domesticating an animal or two.

For Thousands of Years to Come It Is Probable That the Great Sphinx Will Still Stand in the Desert Which Will Have Been Again Abandoned by Men. This Mysterious Witness of a Lost Civilization Will Present to Men of the Future the Same Puzzle That It Presents Today. It Can Be Shown That It Symbolizes Mysterious Secrets Which Are Not Even Suspected by the Majority of People Today, and Which Modern Science Is Only Beginning to Discover With Much Surprise.

Yet, somehow, an equally empty-handed people, in prehistoric ages, without books or teachers to guide them, found shrewd answers to many riddles of the universe.

The principal difference between man and the other animals is that man alone has bothered his head about the why of things. Animals are clever and studious enough in learning what things are good to eat and what are bad, what creatures to pursue and what to fire from, but they let it go at that. Apes and a few other creatures occasionally are seen experimenting with inanimate objects in a manner that indicates pure curiosity not connected with playfulness or hope of benefit. Some have even thought they detected this rudimentary form of scientific interest in an insect, the praying mantis. But only man has been persistent enough in his curiosity to get anywhere with it.

For thousands of years man's intelligent friend, the dog, has been watching his master build fires and keep them going. Nobody appreciates the comfort of a fire better than the dog and yet the animal will freeze to death rather than drop a stick on a dying fire because he has never bothered to wonder why fire burns.

The vast mechanical equipment on which modern science relies for its progress is mostly newly invented or recently improved, but there is no evidence that man's mental equipment has improved since the dawn of history or even long before that. It is customary to think of the cave man as a poor, brutal savage with a dull mind in a small, thick skull. Many of them were just that, but thousands of years before the first historic record there existed a race of European cave men with larger and better brains and therefore probably with better minds than the average civilized man has today.

Where did these supermen come from, suddenly, as if they had landed from another world? His Majesty's ship Challenger of the British navy is being fitted out in the hope of discovering that very thing. By careful soundings it is planned to trace the outlines of the "Lost Atlantis," if it ever existed. Tradition says that this great island, "west of the Pillars of Hercules," was once peopled by a race of men like gods. This "Isle of the Blessed" is supposed to have sunk under the sea, long before the days of Greece and probably even before Egypt.

What became of these big-brained stone-age men whose skeletons are so magnificent that they have been called "Greeks of the old stone age," nobody knows. But they may have been the inventors of the lost science; at least their skulls were big enough to have housed a brain capable of some such achievement.

The oldest fossil bones that can be called human show that man's primitive ancestors were not greatly superior to the gorilla or chimpanzee, but presumably even then man's incurable curiosity was getting him into trouble most of the time and once in a while into something profitable.

No doubt he burned his stubby fingers a thousand times before he finally learned how to use fire to his advantage, and he always will be burning and blowing himself up as long as he keeps trying new tricks with that fascinating discovery. The general picture is quite clear that with pitiful slowness he improved his condition bit by bit till he reached the present comfortable civilization and with it he changed from a hulking apelike small-brained brute to something that can wear a dinner coat without looking funny.

But that is only part of the story. It has not been a steady progress. There have been sudden, incredible leaps forward and equally discouraging plunges backward. In historic times the Greeks suddenly dazzled the world not only with arts and literature but by founding most of the modern sciences. It looked as if the millenium had come, and yet, a few centuries later, the world was plunged in the ignorance and misery of the dark ages, worse than before Greece had lighted the world.

Long before history a worse tragedy happened to those so-called "paleolithic Greeks." The Cro-Magnon man, averaging more than six feet in height and with a brain bigger than the average European or American today, spread over much of Europe and no doubt dominated it. Then something put an end to him. Small-boned and small-brained men lived and died and left their bones and flints where the great men had carried on.

But did these big brains in their time throw any light on the riddles of the universe? Undoubtedly. That huge organ of thought was used and must have gnawed deeply into the problems just as the big teeth of the rodents gnawed into the material things of that day. Have their discoveries and thoughts been lost entirely? There is considerable hope that they have not. For one thing, much of their wisdom may have come down to us twisted, distorted and degenerate, embalmed in sorcery, magic, witchcraft and cabalistic art.

The first thing that modern science did was to clear away all this rubbish about alchemy, astrology and necromancy, to throw out of the laboratory all nonsense about transmutation of metals, the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone and the other legends and traditions. With its feet on solid ground science proved its way with exact facts, and then a queer thing happened.

Modern science of which we are so proud, while engaged ceaselessly in trying to raise the veil which hides the past from us, is beginning to perceive with surprise that these ancient traditions, even some that are called superstitions, are not all fabulous legends, as we were calling them yesterday with so much contempt.

As we pursue our researches further, they lead us into mysterious paths obstinately followed by our ancestors, paths which we thought abandoned forever. What makes this discovery so disquieting is that we return to these paths, no longer guided by a simple faith which does not ask for evidence, but led by our positive reasoning, by our experiments and our scientific deductions, by a mass of controlled evidence as tangible and as unquestionable as those which made us revolt against the old beliefs.

We had escaped from the old world from which logic and reason seemed excluded. But it is reason and logic which bring us back, leaving us lost in a mystery even greater than that from which we boasted we had escaped.

The following chapters will be devoted to the demonstration of these facts. In examining one after another the old legends, which nursed humanity up to the beginning of the present scientific period, we shall see that even those which seem the most absurd may contain elements of truth, and finally that certain of them furnish explanations of facts which we could not have found anywhere else.

We shall see also that in proportion as we go back into history, this truth does not hide itself under more and more impenetrable veils, but that it appears in its pure and luminous primitive simplicity, freed from the false ornaments in which the ignorance or the thoughtlessness of later ages clothed it.

We shall discover, in short, that at the beginning of civilization humanity certainly knew many great secrets of which it later lost all understanding, which we are only beginning today to rediscover with much labor and pain. Having established these facts it will remain to inquire how these secrets were first obtained, by whom they were possessed, and under what circumstances they were forgotten or transformed in an unrecognisable manner.

It must be understood that we shall observe the principles of science in conducting this demonstration. Whatever religious belief a man may profess is worthy of respect, and in the consideration of facts we shall not disturb his confidence. This question is aside from our subject.

(Continued Next Sunday)

Uncle Sam Breeding Flies to CURE Diseases

Enlarged Photograph of the Blowfly, Whose Offspring, It Has Been Discovered, Hasten Healing of Wounds and Offset Infections.

A Department of Agriculture Employe Placing a Cage of Adult Flies in a Large Chamber, Where They Are Kept at a Favorable Temperature for Egg-Laying.

Magnified Photograph of the Eggs of the Blowfly.

An Attendant Transferring Eggs From Meat to a Disinfectant Solution, for All Germs Must Be Removed Before the Eggs Are Safe for the Experiments.

GOVERNMENT scientists, in their efforts to promote national health, have been working for years to wipe out the germ-carrying housefly and educate people to protect themselves against this numerous and dangerous pest. Yet these same scientists are raising flies, furnishing the insects with sanitary, comfortable homes heated to just the right temperature, and feeding them such delicacies as bananas, oranges, honey and sirloin steak. Their reason for raising the flies, strange as it may seem, is to assist medical science in the cure of certain diseases, particularly osteomyelitis, a disease of the bone.

Uncle Sam is not, however, spending any money boarding and lodging the common housefly. Only blowflies are permitted to live in the laboratories of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, where the insects are being bred in increasing numbers.

That blowflies have the power to cure certain infections which have presented a serious problem to physicians for many years was discovered during the World War by the late Dr. William Stevenson Baer, who served as a chief surgeon with the American forces in France.

Dr. Baer observed that two soldiers, who had been lying, badly wounded on the battlefield for several days, had wounds infected with fly larvae. Despite the fact that the men had not even been given first-aid, their wounds were free from infection and were healing as well as they would have under the best medical treatment. He noticed that the flies were blowflies, and he determined, when the war was over, to look more carefully into what seemed an impossible way of treating certain infections.

When Dr. Baer was discharged from the army he affiliated himself with Johns Hopkins Medical School and went to work on the first of a long series of experiments with blowflies. His "patients" were guinea pigs, which he infected with the destructive osteomyelitis germs. When the bones of the little animals had begun to waste away by the inroads of the dread disease, he began treating the wounds with the live larvae of blowflies. In almost every case the disease responded favorably to the application of flies, and the doctor confidently tried the flies on human patients.

Cures that seemed almost too good to be true were effected and physicians all over the world took a keen interest in the experiments Dr. Baer was successfully carrying on in the Baltimore Institution. A boy who had undergone three operations for the malady of the bone was completely healed in seven weeks, and a Spanish War veteran who had suffered from the disease for thirty years and who had been operated on 79 times was cured by the fly method in four months. Over a period of two years several hundred cases of osteomyelitis were cured by the use of flies.

Medical science has recognized the value of blowflies in the treatment of this and, perhaps, other maladies. The Government is doing important pioneer work in raising the flies under sanitary conditions and in quantity.

Just how the flies bring about a cure is not definitely known, but it is known that the insects feed on dead tissue and thus help wounds to heal. Dr. Baer believed that they also disinfected the wounds, but this is a point that cannot be determined without further experiment and research.

Heroines of the Ages All Have the Same Face

IN the private art gallery of a wealthy resident of Vienna hang the life-size portraits of five of the most celebrated heroines of history—Cleopatra, Boadicea, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette. A careful study of these paintings will reveal the interesting fact that all of these ladies have the same face despite the fact that they were of widely different types and lived in different periods.

The explanation of this unusual one-face gallery of portraits is found in the preference of the artist, Max Hofbauer, the well-known Austrian portrait painter, for his wife as a model. It is seldom that he engages any other model for his pictures.

Frau Hofbauer is rather attractive, as women go, and the buyer of the series of canvases was intrigued by the idea of having a quintet of famous characters all with the same cast of countenance, but several artists and art critics who have seen the collection disagree with the owner's judgment while lavishing praise on the excellence of the pictures as works of art.

"It is impossible," said one eminent Viennese painter, "to take any one woman, no matter how beautiful she may be, and have her look as far removed in period and in character as Cleopatra and Mary Queen of Scots. Perfect painting technique cannot compensate for accuracy of type, and such canvases studied comparatively are never quite convincing to the critic schooled in details."

Dr. C. H. Bryan, Retired Physician, Who Has Founded the Institute of Fishing at Bradenton, Florida. Above Is a Reproduction of the College Diploma.

Curious and Skilful Mound-Builders' Sculpture

SCIENTISTS and students of prehistoric art are much interested in a little stone sculpture recently placed on exhibition in the Field Museum, Chicago. The relic, shown in the photograph below, was unearthed near the town of Anna, Illinois, and is perhaps the finest example of ancient Indian sculpture ever found in North America.

Just what the curious figure represents is a matter of conjecture, but it is believed that the object, carved by some mound-builder a thousand or more years ago, is an idol which the red-skinned inhabitants of what is now Illinois once worshipped with elaborate pagan rites.

Undoubtedly the artist molded the statuette, which is a foot high and weighs 42 pounds, in the likeness of a human being. The face, which is carved with considerable skill, is surprisingly "modern" in conception, although it was laboriously chiseled from a solid chunk of rock years and years before the first white man set foot on the western hemisphere.

The posture of the figure is particularly interesting to archeologists and to students of purely American art. The little idol is seated, with the right hand clutching the right knee and drawing it toward the chin. The left leg is folded under the body.

Many images of stone and pottery have been found in the burial mounds in Illinois and in various other places in the Mississippi Valley, but few of them have been as skilfully carved as this one, which serves as one more bit of tangible evidence that the redmen who inhabited what is now the United States in the days before the dawn of written history, had developed artistic expression to an almost unbelievably high state.

Frau Trude Hofbauer, Wife of the Famous Artist, Who Was the Model for a Series of Paintings, Including Those of Cleopatra, Boadicea, Joan of Arc and Mary Queen of Scots.

A Fishing College For Correct Angling

THERE are fishermen—and fishermen. Some of them idle away the hours dangling a worm-baited hook in the water and don't care much whether they make a catch. Others, true disciples of Izaak Walton, regard angling as a science calling for the exercise of the brain, a knowledge of the habitats and habits of fish and skill with modern fishing equipment.

Dr. C. H. Bryan, a retired physician of Bradenton, Florida, is such a sportsman and president of a college for anglers which he founded for his own satisfaction and to impart the many details of the more or less exact science of fishing to others who feel as he does about rods and reels, hooks, lines and sinkers, and the various impedimenta of the popular pastime.

The doctor calls his school the Bradenton-Dixie Grande Institute of Fishing and he has a faculty of three "professors," each of whom is a past master in all the essential details of the sport. Almost every fair day Dr. Bryan and one of his professors board a boat and head into Tampa Bay with a load of students bent upon learning the science of fishing as it is practiced by experts who know how to draw the last ounce of pleasure from pitting their skill against their finned quarry.

If the students are novices, they begin with the rudiments of the game—they learn to bait a hook properly with live bait or with artificial bait and to cast that bait with ease and accuracy. Of course the institute is one where the education of the would-be angler is done without formality, for the "lectures" by the learned members of the faculty are really friendly and enjoyable conversations carried on while the student is acquiring information and skill.

But the purpose of the school is serious. None of the several hundred persons who hold diplomas from the institution has been awarded his "sheepskin" without first demonstrating to Dr. Bryan and his faculty of three that he is a thorough-going devotee of the rod and reel.

The "lectures" delivered by these scholarly gentlemen include the selection, upkeep and use of equipment. Half of the science of fishing, in their opinion, depends on proper tools. They know about all there is to know about rods, reels, lines, hooks and baits.

Given the right equipment, the next important step is to know how to use this in a masterly manner. The angling doctor and his associates are well fitted to impart this knowledge, and much specialized information about what to do under varying and unusual conditions. The student who holds a diploma from the Bradenton-Dixie Grande Institute of Fishing will land many fish that an angler less expert would lose by amateur tactics.

Students in charge of Dr. Bryan earn their diplomas in actual "laboratory" work—by luring, hooking and landing fighting fish in Tampa Bay or in the nearby Gulf of Mexico. Now and again the studies are pursued in lakes, rivers and streams, for the complete angler must know how to fish for the small fry of inland waters as well as for the big fellows that swim the salt sea.

"Our school," said Dr. Bryan, "is not a money-making enterprise. I operate the school for my personal pleasure and to show others who enjoy fishing how to get a lot of real sport out of the pastime. Students pay for such items as the gasoline used in the boats in which we do our 'laboratory' work and, of course, pay for their own equipment. But their diplomas do not cost them a cent in what might be called tuition fees.

"Some of our graduates were experts when they came to us and they desired most of all to prove their right to be associated with our alumni, but they had to demonstrate their skill before they were awarded a diploma. So long as I am head of the institute no one ever will be graduated until he has shown us that he is a real fisherman."

FROM FIELD MUSEUM, N. H.

The Grotesque Human Figure Made by Prehistoric Mound-Builders of Illinois.

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Baron Mumm, the "Champagne King," Tries to Kill Himself

Astonishing Series of Tragedies and Misfortunes of the Man Who Once Owned the Great Vineyards and Made the Most Famous Wine the World Has Ever Known

In the Effervescent Sparkle of the Bubbling Wine Is Promised Exhilaration and Care-Free Joy—But to the Maker of the Most Famous of All Champagnes Came Misfortune and Tragedy.

Baron Walther von Mumm, Who Found His Descent From Enormous Wealth to a $10 a Week Furnished Room Was Intolerable—and He Tried to End It All With a Pistol Bullet.

Mrs. Frances Scoville von Mumm, the American Wife the "Champagne King" Could Not Be Happy With.

Mrs. Marie Barnes, as She Called Herself, Who Shot and Almost Killed the Baron von Mumm While He Was a Visitor in Her Apartment in Paris.

DOWN and almost out in the hospital lies Baron Walther von Mumm, the "Champagne King," one of the unluckiest men that ever lived.

Stripped of his great fortune, his historic chateau in Rheims, France, his millions of bottles of "Mumm's Extra Dry," the most famous brand of champagne in the world, he paid a deposit on a ten-dollar-a-week bedroom in New York City the other day and went for a week-end visit to the Long Island estate of William Vom Rath, one of his wealthy friends of happier days who did not know that von Mumm was penniless.

But when the time came to have the butler pack his dress suit, last relic of the golden past, he could not bear to walk out of the atmosphere of wealth and luxury of his friend's mansion and turn the key in that humble little ten-dollar bedroom. What was the use of living?

He answered the question with a pistol shot.

But the "Champagne King" was unlucky in suicide as in everything else; the bullet missed his heart and plowed through a lung which had been punctured by three previous bullets. And so the man who has had everything and lost everything will live, now that he has nothing to live for.

For more than a century the de Mumm family grew rich and powerful in France. Their great vineyards spread around Rheims, and their "caves" filled with more and more millions of the Mumm champagne bottles while the chateau stood as the outward, visible sign of the culture and social standing of the family. But the Mumms were originally Germans, which rankled a bit among their French rivals, who spread a rumor that Mumm's was not the best French wine.

This propaganda was effective, and threatened to stop the growth of the concern just as it was dominating the champagne industry. The attack, however, stimulated someone in the concern to an act of genius. Less than fifty years ago, just about as Walther was being born, Mumms reached out and with a single master-stroke made a permanent conquest of the world's best champagne market, the United States.

Europe had been slow to realize that America had, almost overnight, become rich with a brand new crop of big spenders who had gone to school barefoot. These newly-rich wanted the best of everything, understood that champagne was the dinner beverage of Europe's aristocracy, the most expensive drink, the "swellest" one. But as to which brand was the best, they had no idea and could only ask the waiter, who didn't know either.

Into this brand new and thirsty field burst Mumm with one of the first big, national advertising campaigns and, within a year every man, woman and child had learned about "Mumm's Extra Dry." The word "dry" applied to a liquid was something not one American in a thousand had heard of before.

After that every boy knew that if he should become very rich and very wicked and wanted to entertain anyone royally just what wine to order. Within a year every dining car, steamer, cafe, bar or restaurant of any class at all had to carry Mumm's Extra Dry. Americans traveling in other countries complained to head waiters until they forced it to the top of the wine list in every first class eating place on the face of the globe.

To many people "dry" simply means sour. Had they advertised Mumm's Extra Sour, a not very pleasant suggestion to an untaught taste, that brand would never have captured the American market and, through it, the world. Wine connoisseurs have never regarded Mumm's as the finest champagne.

The battle of the bottles was fought and won while Walther was still in short trousers, and when he grew up, he inherited a world-wide champagne empire whose willing subjects paid him tribute and never revolted. The child of fortune happened to be born in Germany, a matter of seemingly small importance, because, like the rest of the family, he used the French "de" rather than the German "von" to indicate his nobility, but it was destined to be ruinous. During the war, Walther went back to the "von."

There were no early indications that fortune would not smile on him as it had on a century of ancestors. Besides a title, a $20,000,000 controlling interest in the business, a chateau and other broad lands in France, he inherited good looks, a splendid constitution and a keen business mind. Few people outside of France knew or cared who the French President might be, but in any corner of the earth when Walther de Mumm was introduced, faces lighted up with interest at meeting the man who made one of the most universally known luxuries.

When Walther was still in his early twenties there came the first intimation that fortune, which had dealt such high cards to these wine-growers, might hand them different ones. He had to attend the funeral of Fritz Mumm, a distant and obscure relative who killed himself in Frankfort for unrequited love of Madame Albany Debriege, who also came to grief later and is remembered as "the butterfly broken on the wheel of love." But there are fools and poor relations even in the best of families, so why should Walter see any omen in that tragedy for him?

The young man became well known as an international sportsman. He raced horses, was a pioneer in aviation, and every year for some time entered the balloon races at St. Louis and Kansas City. These balloons were destined to bring him what he thought would be his greatest happiness, but proved to be two of his greatest disasters—the woman who shot him twice and the woman who married and left him.

Meanwhile the great business grew steadily with two-thirds of its sales in the United States. Walther was the second son, which gave the control of the H. G. Mumm Extra Dry Co., and most of the great wealth of the family to his older brother, Baron Henri de Mumm. When Henri died Baron Walther stepped into his shoes; as head of the great house.

In 1911, when he was only 27 years old, Baron Walther came to the American balloon races as usual, and there the highly eligible bachelor fell under the spell of Marie Van Rensimer, a person in some ways quite as remarkable as himself. She was the daughter of a mill-worker at Easton, Pa., and for a time waitress in a restaurant. At the age of sweet sixteen, Marie left town for bigger things and the old folks began to get dazzled glimpses of their daughter in furs and jewels, bearing the title of wife of one rich man after another.

The ex-waitress first became conspicuous as the alleged wife of Dr. Harry D. Barnes, of a prominent Baltimore family. Dr. Barnes denied that he had ever married her, but admitted an "affair." Marie indignantly said she would divorce him and apparently did. This does not prove anything because women can and do get divorces from men they have never married.

Marie, during the height of her fame, was often referred to as one of the most beautiful women in the world. At various times she was reported engaged to Baron James D. Rothschild, and the wealthy Walter Lewisohn and William D. Burden, of New York City. She accumulated hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of furs, clothes and diamonds. She was the Peggy Joyce and Mabel Boll of her generation.

At the time she met de Mumm, Marie was supposed to be the bride of George H. Creel, Jr., of the wealthy Chilean family. The "Champagne King" seems to have been smitten at first by the mill-hand's daughter, but scions of old European families don't usually marry without some investigation of the bride's past. While Marie's was interesting enough, it would not quite fill the bill for the mother of future Barons de Mumm. However, she followed him around Europe for some time in what seems to have been a rather one-sided love affair.

It came to an end when Walther met again at St. Moritz, Switzerland, Miss Frances Scoville, daughter of C. C. Scoville, president of the Citizens National Bank of Seneca, Kansas. He had first seen the girl in Canada in 1910 when de Mumm's balloon came down there. Their acquaintance was brief, but it left a strong impression, and now quickly deepened into love. They became engaged, but before it was announced Walther went to Paris to finally break off that bothersome relation with Marie.

Unfortunately, it was December 14, 1912, so close to Christmas that the lady supposed he was calling to make her a handsome present. When he explained what he really had in mind she was disappointed, and showed it by shooting two bullets into his left lung. Marie claimed that he had fired first. Anyway, he had fired her and whatever happened it was hushed up.

De Mumm recovered, and the wedding in London the next year was a brilliant affair. Scoville gave his daughter a $25,000 trousseau with 100 gowns, and the groom presented his bride with a Paris mansion, and they spent most of their time in Paris and the great chateau at Rheims. Among the thousand or more telegrams of congratulation the baron received on the eve of his wedding was one from Marie threatening suicide. But it was just a pleasant little thought. She didn't really do it.

The de Mumms were as happy as a couple with such advantages should be and were further delighted at the arrival of little Baroness Mary de Mumm. Nowhere was there a cloud on the sky until the war of 1914 broke. While the Baron and Baroness, like everyone else in Europe, were sitting stunned by the news, an officer from the government came to the chateau, reminded the Baron that he was an enemy subject and told him to choose before morning whether to accept a safe conduct to the German lines or be interned for the duration of the war.

In the morning the Baron chose Germany—and chose wrong. His wife's sympathies were with the Allies, but her duty was with her husband, so with her baby she accompanied him to the frontier. After a few months, however, the situation in Germany became so disagreeable that the mother took the child to Switzerland with her.

Baron de Mumm, refusing to fight the French, was sent against Russia in the cavalry, where he received a third bullet through that lung and again recovered. When the Russians collapsed he was sent to the Western front and transferred into aviation, but kept to "ground work" because he still refused to fight the French. In 1918, because her native country had entered the war, the Baroness met her husband in Switzerland and signed an agreement by which she was to receive two-fifths of his estate, not less than $8,000,000, after the war and $1,000 a month.

After the war, by a special act of Congress, she was given back her American citizenship. Meanwhile the French Government had sequestrated everything belonging to Baron de Mumm and credited it to the reparations payments. Besides the chateau and all the other estates, his $20,000,000 interest in the champagne industry was wiped out. Mumm's wines are still grown, bottled and sold, but the business is now owned by a company—the "Societe Vinicole de Champagne."

Still the Baroness, as an American citizen, had a fighting legal chance to collect her $8,000,000, and her father ruined himself in years of expensive litigation. Just as victory seemed possible, the Baroness died of appendicitis, her father went into a sanitarium and soon followed her to the grave.

The Baron still had an odd million or two in Germany, but this was wiped out by the repudiation of German war bonds and the collapse of the German mark. There remained quite a few thousands in odds and ends in other countries. Above all, the name of Mumm was registered in the United States, its best market, and he could make the new company pay high to use it there.

Then came prohibition, making it worthless.

Von Mumm, as he now called himself, won a legal fight with the Baroness and Mr. Scoville for the custody of his daughter and placed her in an expensive school at Aiken, S. C.

With the remnants of his once great wealth, he plunged in Wall Street and had built up a substantial fortune when the 1929 crash wiped him out. As a customer's man in a brokerage house he earned a little and managed to keep his plight from everyone until that fourth bullet in his lung revealed it.

Opening his eyes in the North Country Community Hospital, Baron von Mumm murmured:

"Even death cheats me!"

So, while millions seek exhilaration and care-free joy in its bubbles, the maker of the world's most famous champagne hasn't even the price of one bottle.

View of the Harvesters in One of the Mumm Vineyards in the Champagne District in France, Gathering Grapes for the Famous Wine.

Little Mary von Mumm, the Baron's Daughter, for Whose Custody He Made a Fight in the American Courts.

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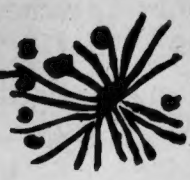
Mystery of the Rock Carvings of the Papuan Cannibals Which They Can't Explain

A Bizarre Lizard-Like Creature With Human Countenance, Carved on a Rock at Lohomunidabu.

A Painted Design of a Human Figure, Done in Red and Yellow.

Red Image of a Tailed Man, Elongated to Resemble a Lizard.

Evidently the Drawing of a Primitive Chariot Found at Yaritari.



Scientists Are Unable to Say What This Strange Design Represents.

Whether This Is the Spine of a Lizard or a Likeness of a Tree Is Uncertain, but Colored With Red Paint, It May Be Neither.

A Comparatively Recent Human Portrait Discovered in the Sogeri Region.

A Painted Aiouwa, or "Monitor Lizard," the Motif for a Set of Mysterious Carvings on the Rocks at Owanibetana.

CRUDELY carved and painted on the rocks of the island of New Guinea, in the South Pacific, are hundreds of curious characters and designs which are a complete mystery, not only to scholarly scientists, but to the head-hunting natives—the Papuans.

F. E. Williams, a British anthropologist, recently made a painstaking study of the paintings and carvings in nine different locations and is forced to admit, even after many talks with the cannibalistically inclined natives, that the meaning of the primitive markings always will be a riddle. He was unable to find anyone to whom the rock carvings have any significance, either as the characters of some aboriginal form of writing, as an historical record, or as the magical symbols of some long-forgotten religion.

More often than not the Papuans are disinterested in the artistic activities of someone who lived in the jungles of New Guinea no one knows how many centuries ago. They show only mild curiosity in the sites where the carvings and paintings are found and have neither fear of, nor reverence for, these sites. In some cases they have tried to conceal their knowledge of places where the carvings are to be found, but merely because they do not like to have white men browsing about through their villages.

"Soroputa Rock" at Lohomunidabu, Literally Covered With Crude Etchings.

These rock carvings and paintings, which the scientists call petrographs, are found in three main regions of New Guinea—in the so-called Sogeri District, in the village of Lohomunidabu, and in the villages of Boianai and Wedau and on the nearby d'Entrecasteaux Islands.

Some of them resemble the letters H, E, U, X and M. Two others suggest the figures 7 and 8, but most of the strange markings seem to be symbols or pictures. Among these are spirals, concentric circles, crescents, ovals with bars scratched or painted through them and figures which seem to represent lizards, fish, beetles, trees and men with feathered headdresses.

On some of the sites of these ancient art galleries the pictures are hammered and painted on the undersides of natural rock shelters and in other places they are in the open and exposed to the elements. The scientists who have studied these things guess, without a bit of proof to back up their supposition, that the ornamented rock shelters were tribal gathering places, or religious shrines where ceremonials were held.

Some of the paintings, from which the color has faded, are done in red, in yellow, in white and in combinations of these colors. Many of the carvings have been painted over in these tints. Here and there a picture is found which is black. What the aboriginal artists used for paint is a matter of conjecture, but it appears that most of the designs were done with crude brushes and a few of them with the finger tips.

The carvings probably were done by pounding the surface of the rocks with sharp stones or with stout pieces of bone. None of these is very deep and most of them, exposed to the elements, are difficult to make out. It is from these weatherbeaten and discolored sculptures that the scientists learned that both the paintings and the carvings are the work of some aboriginal people who lived so long ago that even the oldest of the Papuan natives know nothing about them.

Whether the artistic symbols are the work of long-forgotten ancestors of the present Papuan tribesmen, or whether they were done by a race which once inhabited the island of New Guinea and went down to extinction or moved on to other of the many islands of the South Pacific is a question which probably never will be answered.

Because of the discovery, to date, of nine separate sites where carvings and paintings have been found, it is assumed that the jungles of New Guinea conceal many more of these primitive and mysterious art galleries.

To look for these is far from a safe and simple matter, for the natives are withholding whatever information they may have about them and do not look with favor on invasions of white men. They do not go in for cannibalism so much as they once did, but they are still a pugnacious lot whose chief diversion seems to be the gathering of enemy heads with which to decorate their thatch-roofed huts.

They are skillful users of the bow and arrow, the spear, the stone axe and a peculiar kind of beheading knife with a razor-like edge of bamboo.

Flying Fish Swarm Catalina

CATALINA ISLAND, celebrated as the playground of movie stars, the Pacific Coast mecca of long-distance swimmers and the place where huge sea lions make the rounds of private docks to be fed by hand, recently was visited by veritable swarms of flying fish.

The winged denizens of the deep, lured to the island by a suddenly shifting current of warm water, volplaned ashore in hundreds, and almost every resident of Catalina caught at least one of the beautifully colored creatures.

With the spectacular invasion of the fish came great schools of marlin swordfish, which seem to prefer flying fish to any other food. Professional fishermen and amateurs who fish for the fun of it rushed to their boats to enjoy an orgy of swordfishing.

The gossamer-like wings of the flying fish make unusual and attractive ornaments, and at least a hundred feminine residents of the island removed the ostrich plumes from their Empress Eugenie hats and decorated the hats with one flying fish wing, and in some cases with a pair of the graceful and beautiful objects. Similarly ornamented headgear found its way to Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hollywood.

WIDE WORLD-PHOTO

A Bathing Girl Exhibiting an Excellent Specimen of Flying Fish, Which Phenomenally Warm Currents Have Brought in Swarms to Catalina Island.

Where Flappers Smoke Cigars

IT is only within the past few years that American women, emboldened by what frequently is referred to as their "emancipation," have smoked cigarettes publicly, and there are still parts of the country where feminine smokers are frowned upon.

The dusky belles of the Philippines look upon this as a huge joke, because they have been smoking for years. In fact, among certain Filipino social circles it has long been quite the thing for both men and women to puff away at cigars so big and so strong that an inveterate male smoker, unaccustomed to such potent perfectos, would feel queer after the first few inhalations.

Only a few Filipino women have taken up the widespread feminine fad of cigarette smoking, because, in their own words, they find the little paper-wrapped cylinders of tobacco "too tame." When they smoke they want to "feel," the tobacco, and when these veteran users of the so-called "weed" see the white-skinned feminine visitors to their islands pulling away at cigarettes they feel that these women are only playing at smoking and sometimes proffer them "a real smoke."

To date there is no record of an American woman changing her brand of cigarettes for the fat and pungent perfectos of the Filipino flappers.

What Do You Suppose They Are Looking At?

FOX PHOTO

An Interesting Photograph Revealing Emotions of These Boys and Girls as They Stand and Watch—What? You Will Find the Answer in the Very Last Paragraph on This Page.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD-PHOTO

A Filipino Belle Smoking One of the Unwieldly Native Cigars, Which Are Wrapped in Tough Paper and Strong Enough to Give Pause to the Average Man.

WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING AT.

The Amusing Photograph in the Centre of the Page Shows a Group of Entirely Unselfconscious British Youngsters Watching a Punch and Judy Show in a Suburb of London.

Steam Baths For Versailles Statues

THE world-famous Palace of Versailles and the more than 300 pieces of statuary which grace its spacious and beautiful park have taken on the new and shining appearance that the place had back in 1704, when the eminent architect Mansart and the equally eminent landscape gardener Lenotre turned the $18,000,000 establishment over to Louis XIV. After several years of costly work, financed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the facades of the palace and every one of the 300 statues has been given a special kind of steam bath, which removed the unsightly grime accumulated in more than two centuries, but which preserved the original appearance of these works of art.

Long before the World War the French Government planned to restore Versailles to its former grandeur, but at that time there was no method of cleaning the palace and the wealth of sculptures scattered through the surrounding grounds which would also preserve the patina which marble takes on with time.

The restoration project was abandoned until 1924, when the discovery of a process of cleaning stone with steam which cleaned thoroughly but saved the patina of age—and the philanthropy of an American financier—moved the French Government, then concerned over the condition of its treasury, to go ahead with its plans.

Visitors to Versailles since the ambitious and expensive house-cleaning job has been completed say that the change in the famous relic of French imperialism is startling. Beauties of line and coloring which no living person had seen have been revealed. So new and clean does the place look that it is easy to imagine that one of the Louis has returned to earth to resume life on the princely estate.

Even the theatre of Marie Antoinette, where the most lavish entertainment was staged for her diversion, sparkles and shines, and her private village, set in the most beautifully forested spot in the park, has the appearance of just having been completed by the carpenters and masons laboring by royal command.

In order that none of the restored beauty of certain of the statues and colonnades of finely colored marble may be lost, these objects have been rubbed with a thin coating of pure beeswax to keep dust and rain from getting at the surface. It is estimated that the rehabilitation of one of the most historically and artistically famous spots in the world will not be necessary again for forty or fifty years, when it will be given another thorough cleaning.

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Do Parrots Really Know What They're Talking About?

"Yes," Says Mr. Daniels, of San Antonio, a Parrot Expert, and He Gives Some Examples of Their Talk Which Are Certainly Remarkable, but "No" Science Insists, Maintaining That the Birds Are Merely Living Phonographs

"Lindy's" Proud Papa and Mama With "Lindy" in the Centre.

"Lindy," the Parrot Raised by Mr. Daniels and One of the Few Ever Born in Captivity, When It Was Only a Week or So Old.

IN an article in the American Weekly recently, it was stated that scientists assert that parrots do not know what they are talking about. They are garrulous imitators but are just as likely to say inappropriate things with no more understanding than a phonograph record which plays dance music at a funeral.

But Mr. R. P. Daniel, the well-known proprietor of the South Park Pharmacy in San Antonio, Texas, feels sure that science is wrong. Mr. Daniel has been a close observer of parrots for many years and is perhaps the only man in the United States who has raised a parrot in captivity. As evidence that parrots know what they are talking about, Mr. Daniel points to an occasion when one of his parrots called him downstairs at one o'clock in the morning to warn him of a fire near the building.

"Almost any parrot owner will agree with me that the attitude of science in regard to these birds is based on ignorance," he says. "I have been situated so as to be able to study them for more than 25 years, both in their wild state and in captivity. They certainly know what they say, both in their own language and in ours, and can express their wants plainly.

"Less than a week ago I happened to go to the office of the well-known cactus specialist, Mr. W. E. Hess, in San Antonio. As soon as I entered, his parrot called out quite plainly: 'Mr. Hess!' The parrot repeated this twice. When Mr. Hess came I remarked that he had a good watchman, and he replied that the bird frequently called him when a visitor arrived and that he also had the rare distinction of always being willing to talk when asked to do so. Giving the command, Mr. Hess said: 'Sing, Bill, show the gentleman how you can sing.' The parrot at once began to sing 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, Far, Far Away,' and finished the song with a laugh."

In the home of Mr. Jacob Brandt, in San Antonio, Mr. Daniels says English, German and Spanish are spoken. Mr. Brandt has two parrots, one of them a Mexican redhead which speaks all three languages. When a friend recently called on Mr. Brandt, he found him busy in the yard and called to ask if he might go out there to see him. The parrot at once answered: "Yes, but don't touch anything."

An Australian gray parrot was given to Mr. Brandt about a year ago which speaks English nicely and is now learning German. This parrot has progressed so far in its study of German that it now calls out: "Guten Morgen, Frau Brandt, Polly wants breakfast."

Mr. Daniel calls attention to a Mexican redhead parrot owned by a Mrs. Hochheimer of Laredo, Texas, as a bird of unusual intelligence. When asked, "What's your name?" the parrot replies, "Pollyana." And when told, "You have a pretty red cap," the bird answers instantly, "And a green dress, too." And sometimes she extends a wing to display it.

"Mrs. Hochheimer's daughter is our neighbor," Mr. Daniel writes, "and says that when her mother telephones her, as soon as Pollyana hears the words 'long distance,' the bird starts to say: 'Is that you Agnes? This is mother speaking.' She also says that after a meal has been served and the scraps from the plates have been piled into a dish, Pollyana looks on and then whistles for the dog, calling: 'Come, Trixie.'"

Mr. Daniel's first experience with parrots began many years ago when a tourist left one with him to sell. It was a young Mexican yellowhead, only a few months old, and soon acquired quite a vocabulary, which later was to her detriment as she learned to ask for candy, saying "Polly likes candy, give Polly some." And when it was given, she would say: "Oh, that is so nice. Thank you, thank you."

Mr. Daniel did not know then that candy is harmful to parrots, and the bird was sick many times before the cause was learned.

When this bird died, he bought another. He went to a neighboring pet shop and selected a bird mostly because it was not a fighter; but he thinks now the more fighting spirit they show the better talkers they are.

This second parrot did not turn out a good talker, so later another was bought solely because she was to outward appearance the exact replica of the first bird. But there all resemblance ceased as she was not even as good at talking as the second one. But these two mated, and contrary to all expectations the impossible happened. They made a nest and hatched and raised a baby parrot which has attracted much attention. The young bird was named "Lindy," as he was hatched the same month that Col. Lindbergh made his famous flight. "Lindy" in babyhood looked oddly like "Cocky Bennett," a hundred and eighteen year old Australian parrot, now in its second or perhaps third childhood.

This parrot family, Papa Poll, Snookum's Mother, and Lindy, live in a room in the rear of Mr. Daniel's drug store, having a home in an empty packing case. Just now mother Poll has started her second family, has two eggs and is very fussy. A few nights ago, after they had had supper and should have been asleep, she called several times and Mr. Daniel went to see what was wanted, and saw the eggs. Whether it was an effort to call attention to what had been done he does not know, but after the visit she was quiet.

The male bird imitates the newsboys selling the morning papers, but never does so after paper time. When Mr. Daniel takes them their breakfast, and says "Breakfast is ready (bread with coffee poured over it), come get your coffee," Papa Parrot sometimes says, "Hot coffee!" but he never asks for coffee at night. Lindy's treat is a cup of tea, and he has learned to say, "Come, let's get some tea," but never asks for it out of time. All three are fond of ice cream and hold a spoon in one claw and eat till the last bit has disappeared. Papa Poll seems to have a certain sense of musical appreciation. He likes to listen to the radio programs, stands right at the speaker, but leaves when high notes are played, piccolo or soprano. Long drawn out soft tones please him.

"The most remarkable thing this bird ever did," says Mr. Daniel, "shows an extraordinary degree of intelligence that proves that they can think and talk too when danger threatens. His first experience with fire occurred when lightning set fire to a gas pipe, almost under his perch. He came to me and alighted on my shoulder, and when the fire was extinguished, I petted him and returned him to the perch.

"A few months after this, some power wires became crossed and made a very bright light and although it was one o'clock in the morning he called till I came downstairs to see what was the trouble. As soon as I came in the room he ceased calling. He knew that all was safe then. The same heredity that makes a kitten fear a dog, though never having seen one before, makes him fear a big bird flying over and he has the same fear of an aeroplane—a plane to him is a big bird, and he gives his call of alarm. He reasons from cause to effect. He notes that the big bird is always accompanied by a certain sound, and when he hears this sound he knows the big bird is coming even if not seen, so he sounds his warning call.

"I lived in Tampico, Mexico, many years and spent quite a bit of time hunting in the semi-tropical jungles there and parrots are as numerous as sparrows are with us," Mr. Daniel continued. "They make their nests in palm trees by digging through the bark into the soft center and cutting out enough of the woody fibre to make their home, which is used every year by the same pair. Natives watch them and when the young are about half grown they are taken out and put in crates till enough to ship north have been accumulated. The foothills many miles west of Tampico are the breeding grounds. Being birds of great strength and endurance, they make the trip to the seashore nearly every day, when the weather is good, seldom arriving before 8 or 9 in the morning and always departing long before sunset. They do not roost in trees like other birds, so it is certain that this trip is made from and to their nests.

"Being birds of much intelligence they show it in a most human manner, have a commander who directs the squad, seldom more than a dozen, and a corporal who acts as a rear guard. Orders are given and repeated, and they fly high or low according to the wind, which they take advantage of just like an aviator. Reaching their destination they volplane to the ground quickly, only to be off again if there is cause for alarm. Constant talking in flight is proof of their having a language and using it. Strange as it may seem, they mate for life, and regardless of the season of the year, they are found always two and two. They are very affectionate to each other—'till death us do part' is a stern reality with them. Occasionally a lone one is seen with the flock (for they travel in twos), and it is said to be a widowed one.

Mr. Daniels refers to the curious experience of Mrs. Florence Solecki, of New York, whose parrot, Paula, was stolen. Mrs. Solecki notified various "pet stores" of the theft, and being telephoned to from one of these, found a man trying to sell a parrot that looked like Paula. As soon as this parrot saw Mrs. Solecki it thrieked, "Florrie, darling. He's a crook, crook, crook." It was the missing Paula exercising intelligence.

Mr. Daniel repeats some parrot stories that have been related to him and seem to indicate high intelligence.

A fruit peddler told him of being called from the street by the words, "I want an apple." Going to the place, the woman denied calling, and while arguing about it the voice repeated the request. Looking to one side he saw a parrot in a cage. So picking out an apple he gave it to Polly, saying, "Bird, if you have that much sense you shall have what you want with my compliments."

Repeating this to a neighbor, the neighbor told him that a few weeks ago his friend across the street had a parrot on the front porch. It called so persistently for an apple that he took one to it, and then quiet was restored.

Another story, showing parrot intelligence, is laid in Monterey, Spain. Pablo L. was a Spaniard of means and quite generous in dealing with his unfortunate countrymen who came to him for help. One of the newly arrived (who had never seen or heard of a talking bird), knocked at his door, and a voice from within asked "Who is it?"

"It is I," he replied. "Come in" was the invitation, and on entering the sitting room no one was seen. The voice said, "What do you wish?" The visitor said "I want to speak with Don Pablo," and then for the first time noticed the bird as the parrot said, "I am Don Pablo, at your service, what can I do for you?"

Scarcely believing his senses, he fled and told a friend that he had seen the devil and talked with him at that house. His friend asked, "What did he look like?" He said, "A green bird with a red cap on his head."

Nevertheless science retains the firm opinion that Mr. Daniel is wrong and that the parrots really do not show intelligence in the least like that which would be indicated by similar remarks on the part of a human being. Like dogs, horses and many other animals, parrots are able to recognize individual words or gestures as signals. They will respond to questions as they have been trained to do, they will recognize the names of persons if they hear these frequently, they will go through tricks like singing on any established signal or well-known gesture, and so on.

Without forcing the facts in the least, this explains, scientists insist, all of the incidents cited by Mr. Daniel, as well as the hundreds of others, some of them still more remarkable, which have been collected by bird lovers in the past. The parrot who recognized the beginning of a long-distance telephone conversation was merely copying, scientists would say, things which he had heard many times before. All this was started by some such signal as the words "long distance," or something else, which indicated the actions trained into the bird's feeble mind by previous experience. Any animal will cry out when alarmed, and this was all that the parrot did on the occasion reported by Mr. Daniel when there was a nearby fire. The parrot which pretended that it was Don Pablo undoubtedly was merely copying sentences which the bird had heard many times before when Don Pablo did receive visitors.

One ability which parrots undoubtedly do have is that of copying quite accurately things which they have heard and of remembering these repetitions thoroughly. Beyond that, scientific students of bird life insist that parrots have no approach to human intelligence, and possess, indeed, still less brains than do many animals and even some other birds. For example, the crow is universally regarded by scientific men as the most intelligent of ordinary birds. The parrot is rather a stupid bird.

When Mrs. Solecki Reached the Pet Store, There Was Her Stolen Parrot, Which Immediately Cried Out: "Hello, Florrie, darling. He's a crook, *crook*, CROOK!"

Mrs. Solecki and Her Parrot, "Paula." And Mrs. Solecki Would Never Believe Her Bird Did Not Know What It Was Talking About When It Betrayed the Thief Who Stole It.

One Hundred and Eighteen Years Old, "Cocky Bennett," Oldest Known Parrot, Which, in Its Second Childhood, Looks Something Like "Lindy" in His Babyhood.

Although Science Denies Parrots Know What They Are Talking About, They Readily Learn to Do All Kinds of Tricks Such as This.

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The New "Free Movement" Exercises

The Four Photographs, Taken at the Laban School of Physical Culture in Berlin, Show Various Phases of the New "Free Movement" Exercises Which Are Now So Popular in Germany. The Exercises Are Supposed to Build Up Muscles and at the Same Time Give Poise and Grace to the Students. Jumping and Posturing Are Combined With Dancing in This New School.

BERLIN, November 4.

IT would seem that German disciples of Terpsichore had devised about all the new "schools of the dance" imaginable. Since the World War they have originated more than a score of radical dance movements, ranging from the so-called "posture school," in which the dancers plant their feet firmly on the ground and perform all their maneuvers with their arms, hands and torsos, to the bizarre and seemingly absurd jumping, which certain masters of the ballet scoffingly describe as the "kangaroo cult."

At the moment, however, dance-minded Germany is all excited about a new theory of the dance which is called "The New School of Free Movement," which has its headquarters in the Laban School of Physical Culture on the outskirts of Berlin.

The accompanying photographs show four pupils of the school going through their strenuous paces in an attempt, in the words of the school's prospectus, "to express vigorous life and freedom by achieving rhythm and harmony of line with the body."

If that sounds a bit hyper-esthetic and artistic, it might be explained that the disciples of "free movement" are trying to build strong, symmetrical bodies, and to acquire vitality by adopting the strenuous movements of the "leaping school," and at the same time to perform these ordinarily awkward movements gracefully. When this is done, say the instructors of the "free movement" school, the individual experiences all the physical thrills of expending his animal energy and the mental poise and stimulation to be had from the conscious achievement of grace and beauty.

Anton Dolin, once an instructor of dancers in the extinct Imperial Ballet, recently visited the Laban school in Berlin, prepared to ridicule the "free movement" idea, as he did the kangaroo-like hops and leaps of the adherents of the so-called jumping dancers. But he did not make fun of this new style of dancing, which he found "strangely graceful as well as surprisingly vigorous."

"I am not yet familiar enough with this sort of dancing to know how it gets its results," said Mr. Dolin, "but I do know that I have seldom seen such beautifully formed and vital bodies. The pupils leap in much the same way that the absurd dancers on the vaudeville stage who are given the name 'Leaping Lenas' used to, and still do, but they manage to throw their arms, legs, hands and torsos into lines which I must admit are artistically graceful."

156,250 Tons of Cigarettes, U.S. Output in a Year

THE Bureau of Internal Revenue reports that American manufacturers are now turning out cigarettes at the rate of 125 thousand million a year. This would provide more than a thousand cigarettes a year for every man, woman and child in the United States.

To meet this demand, the cigarette factories, working eight hours a day, with shutdowns on Sundays and the usual holidays, must produce 14,092 cigarettes a second, 845,520 a minute. If the factories were busy night and day, seven days a week, they would still have to turn out 3,963 a second, 237,780 every minute in the year, with no time off for Sundays or holidays.

The worst cigarette "addict" in the world will hardly smoke half a dozen "pills" an hour. If he is a "chain smoker," lighting a fresh cigarette from the glowing butt of the one in hand, still he will probably take ten minutes for each cigarette. The average smoker takes much longer if he smokes it clear down to the end.

But if one man started out to smoke up a year's output of American cigarettes and smoked six an hour, day and night, it would take him 2,378,000 years to exhaust the supply. This is longer by probably a million years than man has been on earth. In other words, the first man's four-footed ancestor would have had to start smoking 144 cigarettes a day and kept it up twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year for a million years before the first human being was evolved, and that first man, had he lived through the ages, would have had to smoke continuously until today, in order to consume this year's output.

The average cigarette is two and three-quarters inches long. If placed end to end, these 125,000,000,000 cigarettes would form a line 5,425,000 miles long. Such a line would encircle the earth's equator 217 times. It would reach to the moon and back eleven times, with 16,000 miles to spare—two-thirds of the way around the world.

If piled into a gigantic cube, without the additional volume of wrappings or cartons, 125,000,000,000 loose cigarettes would form a cube 273 feet high, wide and deep, occupying a space of 20,000,000 cubic feet. Were it possible to form a single cigarette of all the "makings" of 125 billion, this colossal smoke would be 130 feet in diameter and 1,145 feet long, keeping the same proportions as the average "tailor-made" cigarette.

One hundred cigarettes of assorted popular brands average four ounces in weight. By simple arithmetic, 125,000,000,000 weigh 156,250 tons.

To carry away the year's production of American cigarettes, the roads would be cluttered up with 156,250 one-ton trucks. If these popular delivery wagons were used. Standard freight cars generally hold about 50 tons. It would take 3,125 freight cars to carry away 125 billion cigarettes at once, not counting the weight and volume of packages, cartons and boxes. Such a string of freight cars would stretch for 23 miles.

By testing cigarettes with smoking machines, it has been found that each puff throws out about two and one-half cubic inches of smoke. Allowing ten puffs to a cigarette and measuring the smoke that drifts upward from the burning tip, it is calculated that 30 cubic inches of smoke are thrown off by each cigarette.

On this basis, the total smoke produced from 125,000,000,000 cigarettes would make a cloud of smoke approximately 1,300 feet on each side. The Empire State Building in New York, is 1,248 feet high, so the cloud of smoke would be 50 feet higher, wider and deeper than the height of the tallest office structure in the world.

It has been ascertained by scientists that, in a room without drafts, the smoke arises from the end of a burning cigarette in a prism one-quarter inch on each side. The total length of the smoke train arising from 125 billion cigarettes smoked one after another would be about 930,000,000 miles, or ten times the distance between the earth and the sun.

Scientists have even calculated the heat that would be produced by the smoking of any given number of cigarettes. The heat generated in burning one pound of cigarette material is approximately the same as that produced by burning one pound of ordinary wood, since both the tobacco and the paper of a cigarette are composed of cellulose, which is the same as the material of ordinary wood.

Assuming that only two-thirds of the cigarette is burned, and one-third thrown away, the total heat produced from 125 billion cigarettes would be approximately 1,700,000,000,000 British thermal units (the ordinary heat unit used in engineering). This would correspond to the burning of about 60,000 tons of coal.

The 46,000-ton ocean liner, the Olympic, before it was converted into an oil burner, consumed 6,000 tons of coal in crossing the Atlantic. So the heat generated by a year's supply of American cigarettes would have driven the Olympic ten times across the ocean.

Solving Germany's Housing Problem

GERMANY, perhaps more than any other country, is suffering from the current depression which economists, statesmen and bankers are trying to explain and overcome. And in Germany, as in many other countries, the impoverished and unemployed are finding the problems of housing a difficult one.

On the outskirts of every German city are colonies of makeshift homes built of stray bits of lumber, packing cases and a strange assortment of material salvaged from the dumps. Not far from Berlin is an interesting community of homes fashioned from condemned street cars which once saw service on the thoroughfares of the capital.

Inspired perhaps by the resourcefulness of the buyers of old street cars, many other families feeling the pinch of depression bought second-hand motor buses which were rotting in the barns of several of the city's transportation corporations and moved them to places where land is cheap.

The photograph at the right shows the comfortable and inexpensive residence which one citizen of Berlin, with a family of eight, made out of a double-decked passenger bus which had outlived its usefulness on the streets.

Out of old lumber he built a porch on the first story, which contains a kitchen and dining room. The second story, reached by the same winding stairs originally built on the vehicle, has been converted into three small sleeping rooms and a sitting-room which commands an interesting view of the valley in which are many such cosy, if makeshift dwellings.

In the rear of the bus-home is a garden plot which supplies much of the food needed by the family.

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The Comfortable Home of a Berlin Family, Which Has Been Made Out of an Old Auto Bus. It Houses a Family of Eight and Is Cosily Furnished.

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Youth 18, Has Read 5,000 Books

CITIZENS of O'Neill, county seat of Holt County Nebraska, believe that they have in their midst the "readingest" young man in the United States, if not in the entire world. His name is Shobert Edwards and he has just turned 18.

Shobert learned to read simple stories at the age of five and has averaged a book a day since that time. Some days he managed to crowd in two books so that, in a period of something more than 13 years, he has gone through about 5,000 volumes.

It would seem that young Mr. Edwards is not one of those persons who rushes through books and forgets the contents a week after he has laid a volume aside. He reads with his brain as well as with his eyes and remembers the gist of most of the literature that has come under his hand.

As proof that his hunger for entertainment and information has added to his mental stature, Shobert has a high school diploma awarded him when he was a lad of 16. His teachers say that he was a remarkably "quick" student and that he seemed to have unusual reasoning powers as well as an extraordinary memory.

"To paraphrase an old adage, a book a day keeps dullness away," says O'Neill's busiest reader, who still reads at least seven books a week and who is just now interesting himself in what he calls "heavy reading."

"Up to a year ago," says Mr. Edwards, "I wasn't especially choosey about my reading. I absorbed everything from fables to adventure yarns and novels of burning love. Now I feel that I'm ready to branch out into psychology, philosophy and scientific works. Probably I shall spice this literary diet with an occasional book of poetry."

What's the Sense of Working—

And Being Paid by the White Man in Beads, Bright Cheap Calicos and Bad Liquor When Nature Provides Plenty to Eat and a Roof to Sleep Under, Free? —the South Sea Islanders Are Asking Each Other as They Go Back to Their Nakedness and Primitive Habits

What's the Use of Working All Day Long in the Hot Sun for the White Man and Fixing Up Cocoanuts to Make His Soap and Wearing Uncomfortable Clothes and Hats—When You Can Sit in the Shade All Day Long and Help Yourself to Nature's Fruits, Vegetables and Fish When You're Hungry?

Why Labor?—When You Can Step Into the Jungle and Come Back With a Lot of Bread Fruit Bananas, Pineapples, Edible Roots and Other Fruits and Vegetables?

Before the White Man Came and Offered Trinkets in Exchange for Labor, the Natives Speared Their Fish When They Wanted Them—and the Fish Are Still There in the Waters as They Always Have Been.

PARIS, Nov. 6.

AFTER a test of 164 years, Tahiti has just served notice on France that it has found white man's civilization, clothes, work, vices, virtues, religion and all to be no good and that it wants to return to the simple, natural, healthful ways of its ancestors before these "blessings" were forced on it.

Tahiti is a big, mountainous tropical island, shaped like a figure eight, in just about the center of the South Pacific Ocean. It was a sort of Garden of Eden, where a giant race of happy-go-lucky natives lived without labor, ignorant of sin and went about much of the time like Adam and Eve, naked and unashamed. Then came the white man with his bottle and his Bible, his vices and his virtues, his meddling and his muddling, until he reduced the population from some 40,000 magnificent specimens to less than 7,000 degenerate, diseased remnants. It is in real life and on a bigger scale what was depicted in the famous movie and book, "White Shadows in the South Seas."

The demand is in the form of a resolution adopted by the Agricultural Union of Tahiti, which comes about as close to a popular vote as is possible in the island. That France will refuse seems almost certain. The French nation and many of its citizens make profits from selling Tahiti the "blessings of civilization," and the effect on other "inferior races" which are being profitably uplifted must be considered.

Suppose the Tahitians are permitted to throw out the white trader and the missionary and having relapsed to the careless, lazy ways of their heathen ancestors, should multiply and be happy and healthy again, wouldn't every other "inferior" race throw out its white bosses?

The white shadow first fell on Tahiti in 1767, when Capt. Wallis, in the English frigate Dolphin, discovered the island and saw its splendidly-built inhabitants coming out to meet him in double canoes. Right there the islanders fell into the natural error that all tropical natives are bound to make about the white man. This ship was a thousand times bigger and better than their best canoe and while they were practically naked and carried only spears and stones, these strangers were clothed from head to foot and were possessed of all sorts of wonderful things. Therefore, these strangers were superior and ought to be imitated in everything. Now, after more than a century and a half, they see that this reasoning is all wrong, the white shadow is poison and they wish the white man would remove it from what was once a tropical paradise.

A few of the most daring were coaxed from the canoes aboard the Dolphin and were not impressed by the ship's pigs and chickens, but at the sight of the bearded countenance of a goat they plunged overboard in terror. Coaxed back again, they were given a few nails and beads. Although the Tahitians had pearls and coral necklaces these novelties seemed so precious that they began fighting for more nails and beads and the Dolphin's guns had to sink some 50 canoes and even bombarded the shore before it was realized that the white man was invincible.

Only eight months later Louis Antoine de Bougainville, with two French warships, rediscovered Tahiti, and this time there was no need for the thunder of guns. The Frenchmen spent ten happy days ashore, curing themselves of scurvy. Though all was pleasant and polite, the visitors paying for their supplies and entertainment with a few trinkets, they nevertheless left behind something far more deadly than the results of Wallis' bullets—a virulent social disease, like so many others that the white man was to introduce, unknown in that happy island before.

A New Guinea Native, Uncomfortable in the White Man's Shirt, Collar, Tie, Coat, Belt, Trousers, Silk Hat and Sword—But With Bare Feet.

A Fiji Native Who Is Happier in His Native Ways, but Concedes That the White Man's Clay Pipe Is One Achievement of Civilization Which Is Worth Adopting.

Mr. Darling, a White Man, Arrived From the Outside Civilized World, Threw Away His Hat and Clothes and Lived the Simple Life as the Natives Used to Live, on the Bounty of Nature, Which Set Them to Thinking Whether, After All, He Was Not Doing the Sensible Thing.

Until that time the island had been governed by a set of feudal chiefs, like little barons, who ran things without much friction, but the coming of the big ships set them all to warring. The feudal baron who controlled the area around the harbor in which a ship anchored got all the precious beads, perfume and mirrors given in trade. As soon as the ship left the other barons stripped him of his treasure and fought among themselves.

Finally sixteen mutineers from H. M. S. Bounty, who had turned pirates, settled in Papeete and took a hand in the warfare long enough to make Pomare, the Papeete baron, "King" of the whole island. Probably the pirates would soon have murdered the man they had made monarch, if just then another British warship had not dropped in for the purpose of catching and hanging them.

Up to that time such a thing as steady, daily toil had been unknown in Tahiti because there was no reason for it. Great groves of bread fruit trees circled the shore, a meal to be had for the picking. For variety one man could climb the mountainside a little way and bring down enough wild plantains to feed a hundred. Streams were full of big prawns, fun to spear, and the salt water swarmed with all sorts of sea food and there were bananas, cocoanuts and other fruits for desert.

There were no professional tillers of the soil or professional fishers. The young men hunted and fished more for sport than necessity. In the rainy season the men amused themselves with wood carving and the women with making grass mats. The pigs and chickens fed themselves. The climate was so even and balmy that the only houses needed were something to keep the rain off—a thatch provided by the fronds of the palm trees—and there was really no necessity for clothes at all.

Most of the time was therefore spent in loafing and loving. In the white man's cold home, loafing is a serious vice. Only by steady, hard work can the human race support itself in the so-called temperate zone. In the tropics not only is there no reason for all this hustle but anyone who attempts it persistently does not live long. In other words, it is industry that is the vice and laziness the virtue in Tahiti.

Then came the trader ready to sell the native all the material blessings of civilization and the missionary with the spiritual ones. The native wanted everything because they must be as superior as ships and guns were over canoes and spears. The traders' 100-proof rum was quite evidently better than the mild native beverages—a few drinks proved that. The fish and game were so plentiful that the Tahitian's stone-age weapons kept him easily supplied, but now he must have expensive firearms and nets and be able to exterminate wild life. But how were these things to be paid for?

"I'll show you," said the trader. "Get out and hustle."

And they did. Instead of just enough cocoanuts for food and drink the poor native was induced to sweat in the deadly sun, climbing the palms and bringing them in by the ton. They would go away in shiploads and later a little would come back in the form of a perfumed cake of soap.

Instead of catching merely enough oysters to eat, the native now dove all day, in deep water where the pearls were likeliest to be found, and kept it up till he became deaf and finally lungs and heart gave out. Meanwhile the beaches swarmed with flies and reeked with the stench of the rotting shell fish, after they had been searched for pearls.

Every year appeared new diseases. Tahiti, in its isolation, had been like a sanitarium, quarantined from all the pestilences that Europe and Asia had been breeding for thousands of years. Now the white man brought one germ after another and they went through the population like a forest fire. Other ailments came from working in a climate where man is not meant to work. But for each new sickness the trader sold a new patent medicine and though the population dwindled, business boomed.

Next came the missionaries who at first could get no hold at all. The missionary said it was wicked not to wear clothes, which did not make sense to the native. The trader had taught him that working hard collecting things to trade at the store was very noble but now the missionary said it was wicked to work at all every seventh day. Often that seventh day was the only one in the week when it was cool enough to work safely or the time when it was safest for diving. The trader backed up the clothing idea, offering cheap calico and cast off clothing from Europe.

But as long as the "King" and his barons thought the old gods were good enough, there were almost no converts. Pomare II, however, devoted himself so much to the trader's rum that he neglected his subjects, who revolted and drove him into exile to the little neighboring island of Eimeo. Here the missionaries worked on him and he saw the light. His native gods had failed, the white man's God would put him back on the throne. And it did, assisted by the white man's firearms.

They not only forced him back on his throne but baptized Pomare and showed him how to rule right. Up to that time there had not been any roads because the natives preferred to travel by water. But the missionaries wanted them and now they got them through the following ingenious code of criminal procedure, cited by Dr. Alfred Goldsborough Mayer, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in Popular Science Monthly:

"Working on Sunday, first offense, to build a road 300 feet long and six feet wide.

"Working on Sunday, second offense, a road 660 feet long.

"Bigamy for men, a road 240 feet long.

"Bigamy for women, to make two floor mats.

"Drunkenness in men, a road 30 feet long.

"Drunkenness in women, two large mats."

"At the same time," writes Dr. Mayer, "the adoption of Christianity contributed to the increase of certain fatal diseases, notably tuberculosis, through the enforced wearing of dirty European clothing, and the too hastily effected efforts of European teachers to develop the 'family ties,' thus causing the natives to huddle together in unsanitary, ill-ventilated shanties of European pattern. The listlessness and loss of interest in life resulting from prohibition or disuse of old games, arts and crafts, also led to clandestine immoralities and drunkenness, and in many groups the population has declined steadily and is still declining, in the Marquesas from 20,000 in 1842 to about 3,400 in 1911.

"As the Tahitian proverb said: 'The hibiscus shall grow and the coral shall spread out its branches, but man shall cease.' Well might the Samoan father pray to Tangaloa, 'Drive away from us sailing gods (white men), who bring disease and death.'"

The native was not entirely a fool. He saw that he was overworked, sick, wretched and dying off rapidly, trying to play the white man's game of civilization. The trader assured him that the only trouble was that he had not quite learned the game and when he did everything would be all right. The missionary told him it was because he was so full of sin and iniquity that God was punishing him.

Then came Darling, the "nature man," who astonished them. He was white and yet neither missionary nor trader. He wanted neither to sell them anything nor meddle with their morals and customs. This incredible white man built himself a little shack, laid out a small plantation of bananas, cocoanuts and breadfruit, took off his clothes and proceeded to become lazier and nakeder than any native. Darling wisely refused to criticize the trader, missionary or the French Government, which now rules through a governor of the island. But his example spoke louder than words.

Here was a white man who had left a northern white country to live the way the South Sea Island natives wanted to live and their ancestors had lived. It started doubts. The white man was all-powerful but was he all-wise?

Could it be that the white ways, good in the cold north, were no good in Tahiti. Perhaps work, instead of being the blessing he had called it, was really the white man's curse, that went with living in the north.

When little brown Japan thrashed huge, white Russia their doubts increased and the World War added to them, but the final straw was the depression. When they heard that the white man's banks were still full of money, that his warehouses were bursting with food, clothes, automobiles and every other kind of goods and yet that most of the people were poverty-stricken, the Tahitians said that settled it.

"The white man is a fool," they agreed, "he has not only worked us to death but now he has worked himself into ruin. Work is a wicked idea. Let us throw the white man and all his works out and hereafter do nothing today that can be put off until tomorrow. If it is wicked to work on the Sabbath it is wicked to work any other day."

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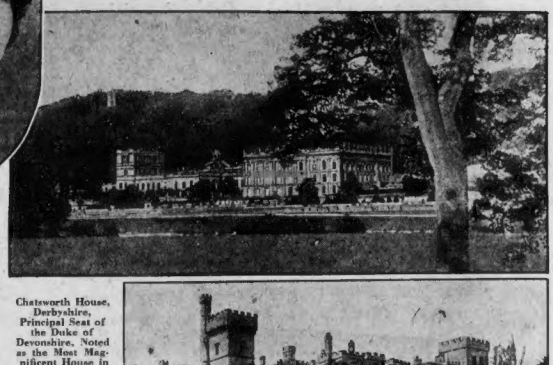
To Marry a British Lord

Interesting Romance of Adele Astaire, American Musical Comedy Dancer, Who Will Marry the Son of the Duke of Devonshire, One of the Wealthiest Men in England and Owner of Castles and Estates That Rival the King's Royal Palaces

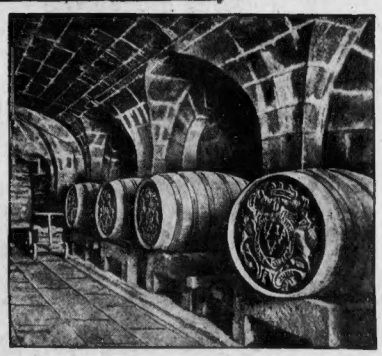
Miss Adele Astaire, the Future Lady Charles Cavendish, in Street Costume.



Chatsworth House, Derbyshire, Principal Seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Noted as the Most Magnificent House in England and the Most Costly to Maintain.

Lismore Castle, the Irish Residence of the Duke, Which Rivals in Romantic Beauty His English Tudor Residence, Hardwick Hall.

Lord Charles Cavendish, Second Son of the Duke of Devonshire, Who Is Engaged to the Eccentric and Original American Dancer, Miss Adele Astaire.



The Beer Cellar in Chatsworth House. The Duke Makes His Own Beer, Which Is Kept in Great Barrels Bearing His Coat-of-Arms, and the Casks Are Used Over and Over Again.

The Fiancee of Lord Charles Cavendish—Miss Adele Astaire, the American Dancer, in an Eccentric Dance.

ADELE ASTAIRE, American dancer, is to marry Lord Charles Cavendish.

This will at once make her Lady Cavendish, a member of one of the oldest, richest and most influential families of England's nobility. But that is not all. With luck, some day, it automatically elevates her to the title of Duchess of Devonshire.

To become a duchess is the loftiest altitude of English nobility to which a woman can hope to ascend. Above that exalted rank is only the thin stratosphere of royalty, into which even the balloon of matrimony cannot carry a commoner.

With many proud titles go little but debts and the dubious pleasure of knowing that broad lands and historic buildings once belonged in the family when they saw better days. But in marrying Lord Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, Adele is getting into the family circle of one of the three richest nobles of England.

Many actresses, both English and American, have gaily pranced to the altar with members of the nobility, sometimes with satisfactory and permanent results but usually followed by speedy and spectacular divorce. Aristocracy views these matches with horror for two reasons. It has usually heard that the bride is no better than she ought to be, and the lordling she weds is generally a low-grade, black-sheep specimen of an aristocrat. Both deserve nothing better than they get, but such alliances blow up in a series of scandals which hurts the prestige of serious-minded, respectable members of the nobility.

Here is an American girl of the stage, not only an actress but a dancer, which is considered even more irresponsible, picking one of England's matrimonial plums, a plum that may grow into the choicest one of all, and yet aristocracy is not rolling its eyes or gnashing its teeth, for this alliance is different.

The little dancer bears a spotless reputation, and as nothing happens without reason there is one for this. Miss Astaire is one of the very few star dancers of all times who have for a dancing partner their own brother. Therefore her partner, instead of being a perpetual menace to her morals and a cause of jealous squabbles, is a chaperone and protector. Incidentally her brother Fred is a great friend of Lord Charles Cavendish.

Equally important, the Cavendishes are a family celebrated for its hard-headed common sense, with surprisingly few black sheep and their young men usually pick wives who are a credit to the family. Lord Charles is no exception. A serious, intelligent youth, it is likely that he can be trusted not to take a wild-eyed bride, British aristocracy thinks.

One of the best indications as to whether an actress honestly means to be a real wife and mother or merely to flaunt a title and coat-of-arms before her friends, is whether she likes the idea of retiring permanently from the stage. Unless her husband is unable to support the family, the better circles of English nobility see no excuse for a wife continuing in the theatre. They consider it "exhibitionism" and that it reveals that she is already looking around for her next mate. It is significant that Miss Astaire, in announcing her forthcoming marriage, also said that she would leave the stage forever. This is as it should be. England thinks, from the queen down, and therefore the future Lady Adele will be welcomed.

Before Lady Cavendish can become a duchess after the passing of the present Duke, her future brother-in-law, the Marquis of Hartington, and his two little sons must also die. But an older brother and two children in the way of an inheritance by no means makes it impossible. History is full of examples where large families have been wiped out, causing titles and estates to pass to some obscure and distant relative who had never dreamed of such a possibility. If and when Lord Charles comes into the title of Duke of Devonshire what will his American, dancing Duchess enjoy with him? It will be plenty.

The Duke of Devonshire owns more magnificent houses than any man in England. They include Chatsworth House and Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire; Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire; Compton Place, Eastbourne; and Lismore Castle, Waterford, Ireland. He owns 186,000 acres of land. Chatsworth House is generally recognized as the most magnificent and costly house in England, and Hardwick Hall as the most picturesque.

It is said that it costs the Duke $200,000 a year to keep Chatsworth House open and in good repair, with a full staff of servants. A great deal of this money goes for the grounds, and this charge must be met every year. Very often the Duke does not live in the house for a whole year in order to reduce expenses. Even then the general public are admitted, and they visit the house to the number of 84,000 annually. It costs $5,000 a year to keep the windows supplied with putty. A great many of them have a gilded beading.

The carved wood in Chatsworth, which is by Grinling Gibbons, the most famous artist in this line, surpasses anything in England. All the rooms on the second floor are panelled in oak and other fine woods from end to end, carved with extraordinary richness. The state dining room, which measures 50 feet by 30 feet, is perhaps the most magnificently panelled. The carving consists of flowers, wreaths, fish, dead game, cherubs, etc. In two of the rooms the walls are hung with leather, over the wood, and in the drawing room with Gobelin tapestries which reproduce Raphael's cartoons.

An old writer notes that a wooden pen was carved with such delicacy by Gibbons in one chamber that it could not be distinguished from a real feather. The architect of the house was the noted Sir Christopher Wren.

Hardwick Hall is considered one of the most exquisite examples of Tudor architecture in England. Its old stonework is somewhat dilapidated, but only adds to its beauty, and it is an ideal home of romance. This beautiful building was brought into the Cavendish family by the famous Bess of Hardwick, who married one of the early dukes. Bess is an example of how well the Cavendish men chose their wives. She was a great heiress when she entered the family but far from being just a dumb money-bags, Bess showed a genius for picking up more property by shrewd trades and bargaining.

Adele's father was a brewer in Omaha until prohibition killed the business and sent her on the stage. Therefore she will certainly be fascinated by the beer cellar in Chatsworth House. The Duke of Devonshire is perhaps the biggest home-brewer in the world and certainly the most eminent. The Duke brews his own and keeps it in great barrels bearing his coat of arms and used over and over. As England is still free from prohibition, the Duke could buy the best beers on the market without breaking the law, but he considers the best is not as good as he can make himself.

The history of the ancient Cavendish family abounds in romantic stories. One of these, which is particularly interesting to Americans, relates to the beautiful Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, wife of the fifth Duke. She is the Duchess who was the subject of the celebrated portrait by Gainsborough which was mysteriously stolen from Agnew's Gallery in London and remained lost for nearly twenty years, when it was recovered and returned by the American gambler, Pat Sheedy. His story of how it was stolen and hidden on a yacht is an interesting romance by itself. The picture is now in the possession of Miss Anne Morgan. The hat worn by the beautiful Duchess was an ideal which women strived to copy for many generations, and although it is rather out of fashion just now, it will probably come into favor again.

An extraordinary story has been repeatedly told about the Duchess Elizabeth. She was originally Lady Elizabeth Foster, and was the second wife of the Duke. His first wife, Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, became the mother of a girl, her only child, in Devonshire House, London. Lady Elizabeth Foster, who was a widow at the time and living in the same house, became the mother of a son at nearly the same time. The Duke was, of course, anxious to have an heir to his title, and the story is that he exchanged the boy for the girl and brought him up as heir to the Dukedom. Soon afterwards his first wife died and he married Lady Elizabeth Foster.

The boy became Duke in the course of time, but it is a peculiar fact that he never married. This was rather remarkable in view of his wealth and prominence, bachelor dukes being almost unknown at that time. The explanation given of this is that the nephew of the previous Duke, who was next in line to the title if the Duke had no son, learned of the substitution of the male baby for the girl. He went to the youth and told him that he knew the facts, but in order to cause no scandal in the family he would raise no objection to his succeeding to the title provided he did not marry, as his marriage might result in passing the Devonshire honors and estates permanently to a fraudulent line. The new Duke accepted the understanding, never married, and in due time the title passed to the other branch, from which Lord Charles Cavendish is directly descended. So almost anything can happen in the way of inheritance.

The Cavendish family was unheard of till the reign of that famous monarch Henry VIII. Then William Cavendish, a country gentleman, really not much more than a prosperous farmer, got tired of living on the farm and sought his fortune at court. William made himself so useful to "bluff King Hal" that between his many marriages and beheadings he made the farmer his royal treasurer and a rich man. Just then the King was confiscating and selling the monasteries with their vast acreages and he allowed his treasurer to pick many of them up at a bargain.

Many other adventurers at that time instead of making their fortunes lost them and their heads too, but this first farmer Cavendish kept both and handed down his estates together with a tradition of caution and common sense. His descendants grew to be one of the most powerful families in England and still are influential. The present Duke has been Governor General of Canada. The family motto is "Cavendo Tutus," which is translated "Secure by caution," or, less reverently, "Grab discreetly."

One of the dukes grabbed indiscreetly and it almost cost him dear. Once, while in the presence of King James II., another courtier stepped on his pet corn, making the Duke so angry that he pulled the offender's nose. This, in the royal presence, was a heinous offence, for which he was fined the equivalent of $100,000. Instead of paying, the Duke managed to stall things off and help in the conspiracy which placed William III. of Holland on the throne. William, of course, told the Duke to forget the fine.

Most of the present Duke's great income is derived from real estate in the heart of London. Adele can walk along many precious blocks, indicated by such names as Devonshire Square and Cavendish Street, with the thrill of knowing that some happy day the vast revenues from these properties will be hers to share—maybe.

Until recently the Duke owned the largest private house in London, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, which was the greatest centre of social life in the days of Queen Victoria and Edward VII. It was a very plain building, but acquired dignity from its size and the large open space around it. It was regarded as one of the most typical and permanent features of London life, like Buckingham Palace, but post-war taxes proved too heavy for the Duke. He sold it for $5,000,000 and it was pulled down and its place taken by a great block of apartments and stores.

Adele and her brother were first recognized on Broadway during the 1917 run of "Over the Top." Then they went to London and were a hit in "Stop Flirting." So much so that London society took them up. Reading of this, Park Ave. opened its doors also on their return to New York. It was in a Park Avenue mansion, five years ago, that Lord Charles and his future Lady met. After serving a financial apprenticeship with the Morgan house in Wall Street, the young lord returned to England, but the couple corresponded, met surprisingly often and, two years ago, Adele visited him family, apparently impressing them favorably.

Lord Charles Cavendish is one of the best customers of the trans-Atlantic telephone and on one of his frequent talks urged Adele to stop denying that they were engaged.

The date of the wedding is indefinite because it must wait till the play she is now appearing in finishes its Broadway run. Though this is to be her last appearance on the stage and she will never need to look for another job, she loyally refuses to "run out on" her management even to marry a duke's son. Is the Cavendish family annoyed at having to play second fiddle to a show? It is not. Such loyalty implies that she won't run out on them or their traditions.

But what about running out on brother Fred? That was a serious problem until last year, when Adele decided that Fred had become so interested in Marilyn Miller that he ought to have her for a partner.

Miss Astaire was engaged for awhile to William Gaunt, Jr., a young Englishman who was wealthy until he went bankrupt in some theatrical ventures with the Shuberts. She has also been reported engaged to William B. Leeds, former husband of Princess Xenia of Russia; John Hay Whitney, the heir to Payne Whitney's $200,000,000 and to his cousin, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney.

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Again Showing Thousands How to Turn Idle Moments into Money

How Fortunes Await 27 Original Ideas... Hints on Making Money at Home... Things to Be Made for Profit and Pleasure. All Explained in December Issue of World-Famous Magazine Now On Sale at Newsstands Everywhere.

A TREASURE house filled with money-making ideas. That is what people have found one unusual publication to be. That publication is Popular Mechanics magazine. Executives of big concerns have examined its pages month after month and traced fortunes to the ideas they found. People looking for money-making hobbies or ways to turn spare time into cash have read this unique magazine and found the answers to their problems.

And now at a time when millions of people are searching for ways to increase their incomes, to raise funds for a new car, a new home, etc., Popular Mechanics is bringing out an issue brimful of definite money-making suggestions and hints for everybody. This is the December issue. It is now on sale at newsstands everywhere. Just listen to a few samples of what it contains:

Hugh Lincoln, Popular Mechanics reader, "has brought home bacon, a radio, an automobile, and paid his way through school."

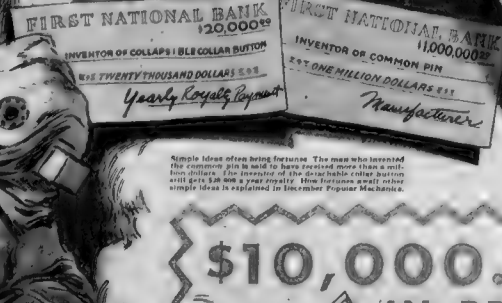
There is one article called "Fortunes to Reward New Ideas." Until you have read this article you would never dream of the simple little things for which big industrial concerns are willing to pay enormous sums of money. But, strangely enough, it seems that the biggest rewards are paid for simple every-day things that ordinary people can use. For instance, the man who invented the common pin received more than a million dollars for his efforts. The man who invented the collapsible collar button has received $20,000 a year royalty for a long time.

Locked up in your brain may be an idea worth a fortune to you. Twenty-seven suggestions are made in this enlightening article. If perhaps you are more interested in finding a way to make money at home, or to turn a few hours a day into cash profits, ideas of this sort are particularly emphasized in December Popular Mechanics.

A new musical instrument that appeals to almost everybody instantly is surprisingly easy to make. A new way has been discovered to turn a common waste material into fuel which might bring you a fine income. Maybe you would like to cash in on the present craze for rock gardens. Possibly you can discover a way to pick up pin money with your camera—by taking unusual trick pictures that few people know how to make.

If you are a farmer or live in a rural community, you may be interested in the sideline which is bringing other people like yourself a fine profit.

Or if you are handy with tools, like to make things, you are sure to find a number of articles with complete instructions for making that can be disposed of at a handsome profit. It is difficult to tell what particular ideas may interest you most, but it is safe to say that regardless of what type of mind you have you will find some idea in December Popular Mechanics that can be converted into gold. Millionaires read Popular Mechanics regularly—that's a tip for you. Besides money-making ideas like the ones mentioned, the December issue of Popular Mechanics announces three great contests with awards paying $10,000. There is nothing to buy or sell in these contests, no puzzles to work. A fortune is being offered for things that any average person can do. Be sure to get your copy of December Popular Mechanics immediately, as this special announcement is reaching nearly six million families and the unusual character of the December issue will cause it to be sold out very quickly.



Simple ideas often bring fortunes. The man who invented the common pin is said to have received more than a million dollars. The inventor of the detachable collar button still gets $20,000 a year royalty. How fortunes await other simple ideas is explained in December Popular Mechanics.

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES!

Three great contests are announced in the December issue of Popular Mechanics. With the exception of three prizes, which offer free trips besides cash awards, all of the prizes are to be given in cash. There is nothing to buy or sell. No puzzles to solve. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties. These contests not only offer a veritable fortune in cash prizes but are also educational and instructive. The December issue of Popular Mechanics is now on sale at newsstands everywhere. Buy a copy or borrow one from a friend so that you can get full details immediately. You may enter all three contests if you wish. No employe of Popular Mechanics or members of their families are eligible. Anybody else can enter. Neither literary ability nor educational qualifications are necessary. So start working immediately to get your share of the $10,000 awards. It is not necessary to purchase a copy of the magazine to enter these contests. You may consult a copy at a public library or anywhere you wish.

This picture represents not a fantastic monster but a living man walking unharmed through fire and flame. See December Popular Mechanics.

178 Pages of Startling Information

For Motorists, Radio Owners, Home Owners ... Money-Saving Ideas ... Startling True Stories of Adventure and World Events

The "Super duck" is a new kind of airplane being constructed in Germany for ocean flight. The passengers live in its wings. Get the whole story in December Popular Mechanics.

Money-making ideas are but one of many topics of interest that fascinate readers of Popular Mechanics. Like a veritable personal, it unfolds a panorama of "what's happening" throughout the world.

[illegible] scientific discoveries, half-[illegible] stories, adventure, aviation, [illegible], automobiles, industrial developments, etc. Popular Mechanics covers the world in scientific [illegible] [illegible] world and staff of [illegible] [illegible] from New Zealand to [illegible] Egypt to Alaska. The December issue on sale contains 178 pages and over [illegible] pictures—the biggest money's worth you [illegible] on the newsstands.

[illegible] you want to know? Consult the [illegible] for the [illegible] [illegible] as well as [illegible].

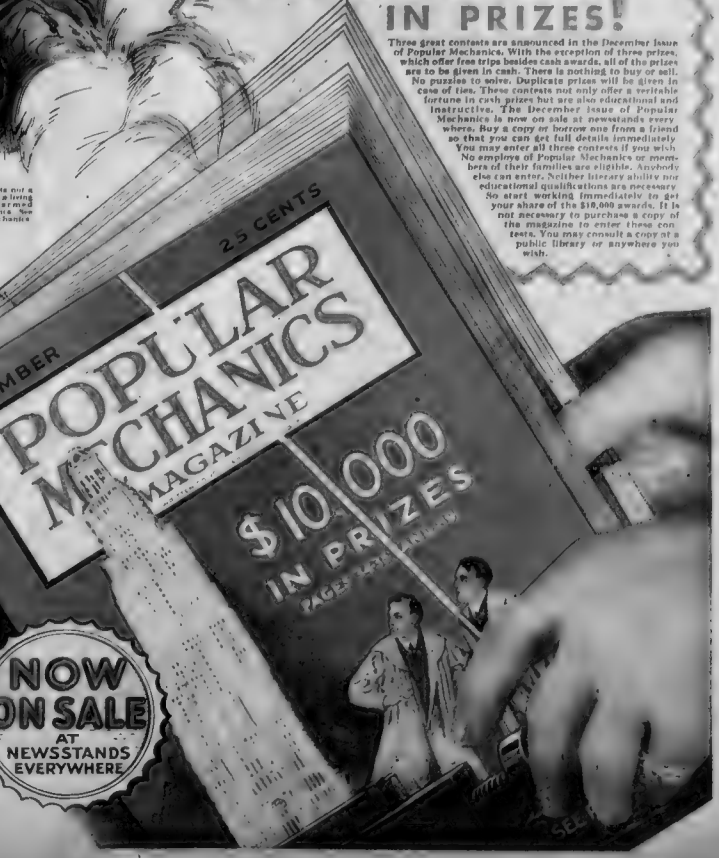
Getting More Out of Your Car. Among the many items of interest to motorists is an invention that keeps motor oil constantly purified so you need change it only every 10,000 miles. Another device starts your motor quickly on the coldest days. Still another reveals a little-known cause of faulty ignition. All clearly explained in Popular Mechanics, December issue.

Your Radio. Popular Mechanics is the "radio fan's friend." On one page alone in the December issue are shown nine different ways to solve radio problems. A whole section of pages is devoted to radio in each issue.

Now automobiles refine their own motor oil and use it for 10,000 miles. With this discovery [illegible] your automobile maintenance costs. See page 94 December Popular Mechanics.

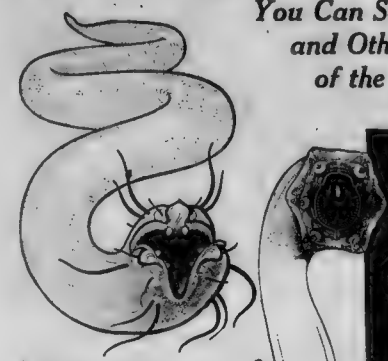
Money Saving Home Conveniences. You will be surprised at the many things you can make at home with discarded materials—conveniences for kitchen, garage, basement, that often save time and money. One idea in the December issue may save you many times the price of Popular Mechanics.

Popular Mechanics December issue is now on sale at all newsstands. Get your copy early before they are all sold.



Science's Newest Discoveries About the Worms

Finds One Longer Than a Whale, Another With a Brain at Each End, Worms That Carry Their Own Search-Lights, Worms You Can See Through Like Glass, and Other Strange Members of the Earth's Biggest Family



A Microscopic Drawing of a Nematode, a Worm Which Infests Human Blood and Livers and Which Has a Head Something Like the Mythical Dragon.

The Cobra Nematode—Another Microscopic Creature Which Has a Fang in the Roof of Its Mouth and Batteries of Small Teeth for Chewing and Grinding Plant Roots.

A Photograph of Luminous Worms Found on the Maine Coast. Their Light Is of Use to Them In Finding Food, but Also a Source of Considerable Danger, as Is Revealed by the Crab Which, Attracted by Their Glow, Is Just Conveying One to Its Mouth.

A Fringed Sea-Worm Preparing to Attack Its Enemy, the Ribbon Worm. From a Painting by Wm. Crowder, Naturalist and Marine Artist.

SCIENCE now recognizes a whole world of animal activity just below the surface of the ground which our grandfathers never dreamed of. Here live minute creatures, grubs, various insects which divide their time between underground and surface—and worms. But the greatest number of these citizens of the world beneath our feet are worms.

The worm is, except for the bacteria, the most numerous of living creatures on or in the earth. Although the worms in literature the symbol for something lowly and unimportant, yet it is a worm that is the longest creature in the world. This is a kind of sea-worm which reaches the truly remarkable length of one hundred feet—longer even than the longest whale and, presumably, the longest animal now alive on earth.

There is a worm that has two brains, one at each end of its body, instead of the one brain that human beings have to get along with.

It was an ancient worm, evolutionists believe, that made the greatest of all animal inventions, that of the flexible backbone. And modern worms provide some of the best examples in nature of idealism, for there are several kinds of sea-worms, the females of which allow their own bodies to die and dissolve so their children may have ample food.

The longest American earth worm never measures more than about a foot. A few inches is the average length. But in the Australian region of South Gippsland live giant earth worms that grow to be six feet long, lay eggs three inches in diameter, and make loud gurgling noises as they retreat into their burrows when someone comes along and tries to capture them.

These are just a few of the interesting facts which science has recently discovered about worms.

Human farmers would have a hard time of it were it not for the myriads of earthworms which live and work continually in the depths of the soil.

How important they are to agriculture was brought out when, after the disastrous Mississippi Valley flood a few years ago, Mr. A. J. Mason, a farming expert, told the House of Representatives at Washington that no estimate of the cost of rehabilitation of the section could be made until it was known whether the earthworms had survived, at least in sufficient quantity to render the soil fertile. If they had all been drowned, he said, then the land would remain barren until Nature or man had restored these necessary little creatures. Mr. Mason estimated that the farm lands of Illinois contain at least 640,000,000,000 earthworms, about 100,00 for every human resident.

The worms include, also, some of the smallest animals as well as some of the longest; for no animals except the one-celled creatures called protozoa are any smaller than the tiny, worm-like nematodes which a powerful microscope will show by millions in every acre of soil and in the mud of every pond bottom. A few of these nematode worms have learned how easy it is to live at the expense of others and have become parasites on other creatures. One of these is the hook-worm, which attacks man and which is said to cause more disease and suffering in the tropics than any other single enemy of human health, even the germs of malaria or of yellow fever.

Another member of the tiny nematode tribe is the microscopic worm which causes the disease called trichinosis, acquired by eating infected pork which has not been well cooked.

One ounce of pork, it has been calculated by Professor R. S. Dull of Yale may contain as many as 80,000 worms. An infected human being may have as many as a hundred million living worms in his body at once.

A Worm Whose Body Is So Transparent That Its Internal Structure Can Be Plainly Seen Under the Microscope Without Cutting It Open.

Scientists at Work in a Room of the Cellar of the New Paris "Institute of Evolution," Where Innumerable Species of Worms Are Raised for Study.

By no means all the nematode worms, however, are harmful to man. Myriads of them live in the soil or in natural waters and earn their own living; some of them probably contributing, as do the much larger earthworms, to the improvement of soil fertility.

One curious thing about nearly all of these nematode worms is that their brains are associated with their throats and gullets, not with the eyes and face as in the case of higher animals. Nerves run throughout the nematode's body just as is true of all animals higher in the fish scale of evolution than the jelly fish. But these body nerves concentrate, not in a special knot of nervous tissue in the head as most animal nervous systems do, but in a ring of brain cells surrounding the gullet through which the nematode's food is swallowed.

Anatomy of the Farmers' Best Friend, the Earthworm, Which Makes the Soil Fruitful by Passing It Through Its Body and Digesting Dead Leaves and Other Organic Matter in the Soil.

Those of these animals that have eyes have these organs also near the gullet, together with the brain. It is as though food were a matter of such supreme importance to these tiny worms that all of their senses and brain power were concentrated on that aspect of life to the exclusion of all others.

Yet these gullet-brained wormlets are by no means without intelligence, if that be defined as the ability to react to the creature's environment and to cope with it. One kind of nematode, it is reported by Dr. N. A. Cobb of Washington, D. C., world-famous authority on these creatures, passes a part of its life in the body of a certain kind of grasshopper. These grasshoppers feed chiefly on the topmost leaves of plants. It is important that the nematode eggs shall be deposited on these topmost leaves so that some grasshopper will come along and eat them.

Accordingly, the mother nematode crawls up the plant stems. Dr. Cobb finds, until the dim eye-spots inside her transparent body perceive the difference between the blue light of the sky and the greenish light under the leaves. There she lays her precious eggs, on the topmost, sky-lit leaves, where they will have the best chance to be found by the grasshoppers.

The worm that has two brains, one at each end of its body, belongs to the extremely long and slender class of hair worms. Probably the two brains are necessary to enable this creature to cope with its environment, for the intermediate part of these worms' bodies are so long and thin that nerve messages may have some difficulty in getting through from one end to the other; like the difficulty of the engineer at the front end of a long freight train in communicating with the conductor in the caboose at the rear.

Another curious worm brain is that of some varieties of the "rubber worms" or "bootlace worms," which form the class to which belong the longest of all worms, the hundred-foot giants already mentioned.

These bootlace worms also are long and slender, although not quite so thin in proportion as the hair worms. They live mainly along the seashore, where the flattened fragments of their bodies often are picked up and suggest the popular name of bootlace. They are ferocious flesh eaters and capture their prey by an organ called a proboscis, which is one of the most remarkable contrivances in the long list of Nature's weapons.

Near the worm's head there is a small sunken pit which contains this proboscis, like the rubber tongues of the toy dolls that stick out when the doll is pressed. In just this same way the rubber-like membrane of the worm's proboscis may be turned inside out by the animal and thrust toward a foe or an animal intended for food. At the end of this inside-out projection is a small horny spike and a poison gland. The luckless swimming creature that comes near enough to be struck is paralyzed and eaten, for these worms have enormously distensible mouths so that they can swallow other creatures far thicker than the worm itself.

And just as the nematode worms have their brains in a ring surrounding their gullets, so these bootlace worms have their brains next to this most important organ in their lives, their proboscis. A bootlace worm might be described as an animated, intelligent poison dart, followed by a hundred feet or so of tail.

The variety of brains in the worm part of creation is evidenced, once more, in the curious creatures called flatworms, sometimes to be found under the flower pots in wet greenhouses or under decaying leaves and similar vegetable debris at the edges of streams or ponds. Unlike the more or less rounded, elongated bodies of most worms, these flatworms are thin, pancake-like creatures shaped about like the flat part of a mason's trowel. Like many other worm, the flatworms have remarkable power to grow new parts of their bodies if any are lost.

An entire half may be cut off and will be replaced. It even is possible, students of these worms have found, to cut up one adult worm into a score or more of pieces and to have every one of these pieces grow up into a worm apparently just like the single worm with which the experiment began.

The flatworms possess another useful ability. When food is scarce and the worms are starved they do not die. Instead, each worm merely becomes smaller in size, remaining otherwise quite complete and perfect. It is as though a human population confronted by famine merely became smaller and smaller individually until all of them were tiny dwarfs while none of them died. Then when food is plentiful again the tiny, dwarfed flatworms grow again to be larger and larger up to their maximum size of an inch or so, thus storing in the mere size of their bodies enough reserve food to take care of another time of famine.

These lowly worms, too, have nervous systems and brains. It was proved recently by Mr. H. Birnet Hovey of the University of Oregon that they have brains enough to be educated. Experimenting with a kind of these worms living in salt water in the Pacific Ocean, Mr. Hovey found that the worms have two characteristics. They tend to move away from light and they tend to stop moving and "play dead" when they are touched. By both touching the worms and exposing them to light at the same instant Mr. Hovey succeeded in training the worm's tiny brain so that the light impulse made the worms stand still instead of move. Evidently the light was recognized by the worms as a signal that a touch was coming, so that they learned to play dead when they received this new stimulus instead of waiting for the ordinary one.

The earthworm, one of the most highly developed of the worm family, also is apt to learn, as has been determined by similar scientific tests. Earthworms possess, also, a considerable [illegible] of the creature. From this a nerve cord, like the human spinal cord, runs the entire length of the worm's body and controls that body's manifold movements as the worm pushes itself through the soil by means of the tiny, almost invisible bristles which project from each body segment and provide a purchase on the particles of soil. This spinal cord of the earthworm, however, is on the front of the worm's body instead of the back, as though a man had his backbone down the middle of his chest.

This fact has made much trouble for the evolutionists who believe that some marine worm not unlike the modern land earthworms was the original ancestor, millions of years ago, of the world's first backboned creatures and ultimately of man. If the original worms that invented the backbone had their spinal cords down their chests, how could it happen that man and other modern backboned creatures have that column down their backs? The answer which the evolutionists have found is that some condition of life on the sea bottom when the original spine was being invented, or shortly afterward, must have reversed our worm ancestors, just as a few fish and other creatures are known to have been reversed by similar conditions.

Some worms are so transparent that their internal structure can be viewed perfectly through a microscope without cutting the creature open. Along the Maine coast are found worms so luminous that they are easy prey for crabs and other enemies, but they also are able to [illegible] and feed on otherwise invisible little creatures.

Every time that a scientific expedition goes out to dredge up deposits from new places in the sea a whole new series of marine worms is likely to be discovered. Probably thousands of kinds exist in the ocean and have never been found by scientists. Among them perhaps, awaiting discovery by some lucky naturalist in the future, is some form which will give a clue to this important step in human evolution by which the lowly, [illegible] family of the worms is believed to have begun the development of all the backboned creatures which now exist and dominate the earth

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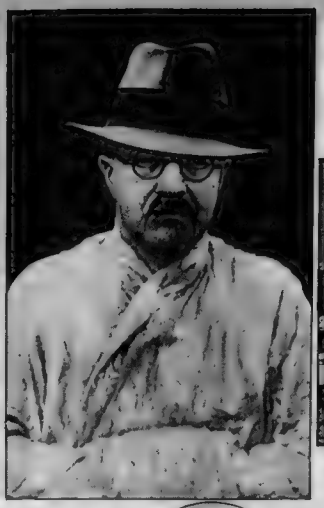
Secrets of the Surete, Th

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of Ho



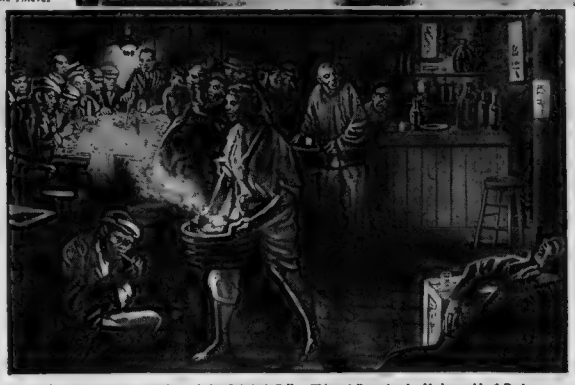
Mr. Ashton-Wolfe in Street Clothes While Working as an Assistant to the Famous Dr. Bertillon in the Technical Laboratories of the Paris Secret Police—And Mr. Ashton-Wolfe Disguised as a Low Type of Asiatic Half-Breed. In This Make-Up He Entered the Secret Haunt of the Chinese Criminal Society Without Suspicion.

Photograph of Burning House in Which Mr. Ashton-Wolfe and His Colleagues of the Paris Surete Were Trapped. This Photograph Was Taken at Dawn by a Gendarme Inside the Grounds.

Sadi Tuan, a Malay Cutthroat, Who Attacked Mr. Ashton-Wolfe in the Thieves' Den in the Cellar of the Chinese Secret Society. Photograph Sent the French Surete by the British Malayan Police

Prefecture de Police
SECRETARIAT GENERAL

The Fateful Eyes of Ho Fang, Which Caused the Chinese Dancing Girl, "The Lotus Flower," to Lose Consciousness.



Sketch of a Scene in One of the Oriental Cellar Thieves' Dens in the Underworld of Paris.

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By H. Ashton-Wolfe

Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Surete (French Detective Police)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER

Maurice Lebruneau, a banker, was found stabbed to death on the Paris-Ventimiglia express train while the French detectives were trying to run to earth an elusive band of counterfeiters believed to be members of the Hung Society, a Chinese secret organization. Lebruneau had been accompanied by The Lotus, an Oriental dancing girl, who was crazed by the shock of his death. The detectives were shadowing Ho Tase Kiang, keeper of a curio shop, in the belief that he was a member of the counterfeiting society. They learned he was going to a theatre and later to the underworld headquarters of the gang.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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At the suggestion of Dr. Bertillon I hurried to my room, accompanied by Inspector Rousseau, and prepared to disguise myself as an Oriental, so that I might pass the scrutiny of the watchful eyes of those on guard at the resorts of the criminals in the Chinese quarter.

A dye stained my skin a swarthy hue, a few lines gave my eyes the Chinese fold, which causes them to appear oblique, although in reality few Chinese actually have oblique eyes; and heavy horn-rimmed glasses altered the balance of my face and made the artificial lines hard to discern. My mustache I waxed to a downward droop, and when I had added a whisp of beard and donned an embroidered smock and wide cotton trousers, I was astonished myself at the change in my appearance. An ample coat and wide-brimmed hat concealed this make-up sufficiently for me to pass unobserved through the streets until the time came for me to play the part of a nondescript half-breed, such as I had often encountered in the Straits Settlements. When Rousseau came to inform me that he had a powerful car with a dummy taximeter waiting, I slipped a couple of .45 automatics into the elastic bands on my arms, so that a twitch would bring them into my hands more rapidly than the quickest draw of a Western gun-man could do it, and thus prepared followed my colleague at once.

"Knives are what you have to fear," he said, looking critically at me.

"Don't worry—I've steel and leather back and front," was my answer. "I'm fairly safe. Nevertheless — if you hear my whistle don't waste any time."

At Bertillon's suggestion, Colbert and Louys had both donned evening dress in case it should be necessary for them to enter the theatre. At seven we halted our car sufficiently near Kiang's shop to be able to keep it under observation by means of an excellent rear glass beside the driver, and soon after our arrival a large, beautifully equipped limousine drew up before the main entrance and our quarry came out, muffled in a dark, fashionable cape and wearing a silk hat. He assured himself that our ostentatiously waiting detectives were still there by feigning to test the iron blinds protecting doors and windows, and then entered the waiting automobile. We immediately drove down the Chaussee d'Antin and gained the boulevards in advance of Kiang, convinced that he would actually come to the theatre, and in this we were not mistaken.

No one seeing him now would have suspected that he had any other purpose in view than an evening's relaxation. He wore his European clothes with the assurance of a man well used to them, and his lazy, good-natured smile, as he bowed to several friends in the crowd pressing around the ushers, was that of a man of the world. I thought it best to remain in the car with Rousseau while my two colleagues entered the theatre. The automobile that had brought Kiang had driven away, followed by one of our men, and the others lounged in full view on the broad stairs opposite the main entrance. The time dragged tediously until the first interval, when Colbert strolled to the terrace, puffing a cigarette. Behind him came a tall, fair-haired man, and beside him in the doorway I espied Louys. I was at a loss to understand why my colleagues were not watching Kiang, and was about to beckon to Colbert when I saw the fair man suddenly walk to the cloakroom and put on his coat and hat. In the brief moment that his back was turned Colbert slipped through an emergency exit.

"We must follow that man," he whispered, climbing into our car, while Louys sprang into the vacant seat beside Rousseau. "Kiang is a cunning devil! He had taken a box, and in the one next to him was another yellow man. I guessed his game at once. While feigning to watch the actors through his opera glasses he was able, by leaning against the low partition, to talk to the other fellow under cover of music. As soon as the curtain fell the second Chinese got up and walked to the foyer, where the fair man was already waiting. He at once pulled a cigarette from his pocket and sauntering up to Kiang's friend asked for a light. I was just in time to see a folded paper pass with the match box. He knew that the policeman on duty would immediately inform him that smoking was prohibited, and that it would provide him with an excuse for going into the hall—look out, here he comes!"

Our quarry had emerged as Colbert concluded his hurried explanation and with a quick glance to right and left he jumped into a slim, gray automobile which had drawn up to the curb. There followed a purr of powerful engines, and with a swift back and flying turn it shot through the narrow lane leading from the theatre into the rue de Richelieu. Although Rousseau was an expert at such work, he was hard put to it to keep the car in sight, for traffic continually forced him to slow down. In the rue de Rivoli pursuit became easier, but as we crossed into the Champs Elysees I caught a glimpse of a white face peering through the rear window.

"He's seen us," Rousseau cried over his shoulder. "Look, they are increasing their speed. I doubt if we can keep them in sight."

"You must," I replied grimly. "Switch on the small red and blue police lamps so that the traffic officer at the Etoile doesn't stop us. They won't dare to pass him at that speed."

With a screech of skidding tires we swung towards the avenue leading to Neuilly close behind our quarry, but as we did so, a heavy lorry, which had been running close beside the fleeing car for several minutes, suddenly swerved and cut across our path in such a fashion that a collision was inevitable. I had seen the manoeuver in time, guessed what it meant, and leapt an instant before the impact, landing safely on my feet.

"Get back to headquarters," I yelled. "I'll follow and 'phone."

Two cyclist police had dashed up as our car and the lorry slithered and crashed to a halt, and, displaying my badge, I seized the handlebars of the foremost bicycle and pushing the startled agent aside, sprang to the saddle and pedalled at breakneck speed down the avenue of the Grande Armee. Luck was with me, for the men in the gray car were convinced that their ruse had succeeded and had now turned leisurely into a side street that led to the suburbs. At Clichy they entered a public garage and to my joy I saw the green lamp of a police station at the corner. Leaving my machine at the curb I rushed inside and seized the astonished sergeant by the sleeve.

"Quick, get the exchange," I cried. "Tell them to note the number called up from that garage. If possible I want to know what is said. Send one of your men to watch if a gray car comes out again."

Fortunately the fellow grasped the situation at once. While a plain clothes man started at a run up the street, the officer called the telephone supervisor.

"They've already been connected," he said, turning to me. "St. Cloud forty-one. Subscriber is a Chinese named Monsieur Wo Sung. Villa des Tilleuls, near the river. At this hour the lines are quiet and the operator heard what was said. Someone asked to speak to Jean—and when told that Jean was out, said, 'All right, we are going to the club in half an hour,' and then added something in a foreign tongue."

"Good—get me the Quai des Orfevres now."

Fortunately my colleagues had wasted no time in returning and I was able to get in touch with Colbert at once. I described the garage and what had been done and settled down to wait. Soon Rousseau, a bandage around his head, drove up in our big Daimler.

"Louys has gone back to the theatre," he remarked. "Colbert dropped off at the corner; he is examining the back of that building. I'll just stroll past to make sure that gray car is still inside."

Exactly half an hour later we had the satisfaction of seeing our quarry come gliding out once more. This time we were careful not to show ourselves, taking parallel streets whenever possible, until, towards midnight, the gloomy pile of the Sante prison loomed up before us.

"I know where they are going," Rousseau said suddenly. "We'll leave our car here. The club, as our fair-haired friend called it, is a cellar tavern frequented by Orientals. I advise you not to try to enter. It's worse even than Emile's. Heaven knows how many murders have been committed in that foul place. We have raided it time and again, without getting any evidence."

"If that fellow goes in there I've got to follow. Once he succeeds in warning the ringleaders that we have picked up the trail, we can hunt for them in vain. Be ready to come to my help."

A dim red lamp over a dark archway gave us a momentary view of two furtive forms as they slipped past the door, and making sure the pistols in my sleeve were at full cock, I handed my great coat to Rousseau and descended the crazy stairs. At the bottom sat a burly Chinese, who at once focussed the beam of a pocket lamp on my face.

"Why is your coat so old?" he chanted in Chinese.

Fortunately this was a question always asked of members of the Hung Society and I knew the answer required of me.

"It was handed down by five ancestors," and at the same time I stretched out the five fingers of my right hand.

"You are wearing leather shoes," the guard again chanted.

"I have grass sandals in my belt," I countered.

"You cannot pass."

"I walk on iron planks."

"How much did your parents leave you?"

"Three cash!"

My glib answers appeared to satisfy him, and this was not strange, since the secret passwords of the Tien Ti Hui are more jealously guarded than even the questions and answers of the higher Masonic degrees, and death swiftly punishes those who forget their oath. The knife in his hand slipped back into its sheath and the door swung open. I remembered what Rousseau had said—"Easy to enter—but—" and wondered if I should come out alive. For a moment I was dazzled by many lamps hung to form an arch above a triangle of gleaming sword blades, then I saw that I was in a spacious room littered with stools and small tables at which a ruffianly crew of Lascars, coolies and all the intermediate races of the Near East were sitting, gambling with dice and colored stones, and sipping tea or arack.

Here and there I noticed a typical apache

e French Detective Police

f the Police Laboratories of France, Explains o Modern Scientific Methods Unravel Baffling Crimes and Gives Details of Remarkable Cases, With Photographs of the Evidence from Official Records

E methods of modern science, developed so marvelously in e fields of medicine, agriculture, industry and elsewhere, d now being applied to the detection of crime in the police ries of France, Germany and England, have been revealed e to time to readers of the American Weekly.

H. Ashton-Wolfe, recently Assistant Investigator, Lyons Police Laboratory, and for many years associated with Dr. , of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), perhaps the of all modern scientific detectives, again opens the records aris Detective Bureau and shows by further examples how the unerring instruments of science often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and make clear the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records, only one or two details having been rearranged in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."

and wondered how such intruders came to be admitted; women there were none and this was significant. The fair man and his companion, the driver of the car, were sitting in a corner alone; obviously they had not yet had speech with the leader whom they sought. Looking around me questioningly as though I, too, had come with a message, I placed my right hand on my left shoulder, the sign of greeting, advanced my left foot before passing under the bridge of swords, and espying an empty stool sank down with assumed indifference and ordered tea, although my heart was pounding painfully against my ribs. Every eye had turned towards me, covertly, furtively, in truly Eastern fashion, and as one of the dice players suddenly looked up and the light fell on his face a shiver ran along my spine, for I recognized him.

It was Li Ho Fang, one of the most callous murderers the Surete had ever tackled. When we rounded up the accomplices of that monster Hanoi Shan, better known as the Spider, Ho Fang had snapped the chains on his wrists, shot the two policemen who were taking him to headquarters and vanished into the night. Bertillon believed the creature had returned to China, and instead he was here in our midst. When the silent attendant brought my tea, Ho Fang lifted his own cup, coiling two fingers around it and glaring at me with his wicked reptile eyes. I at once replied to the sign, and to my unspeakable relief he turned again to his dice.

At that moment a quiet English voice murmured close to my ear, "Don't turn round. I'm Bruce Chandler from Singapore. I'm after Ho Fang for killing my brother. I guess you want him, too. I recognized you at once. For God's sake make no mistake or your number is up Look, here comes Sadi Tuan, the gang boss."

A huge, muscular Malay was creeping silently across the room and I had much ado to keep my hands from trembling.

"What are you seeking?" came in a sibilant whisper from the fellow's great, fleshy lips.

"The Master," I replied.

"Well, I'm the Master," and he grinned wickedly.

"There is a draught of wind," meaning by this, "The police are after you."

"Why?" he queried, the grin wiped from his face.

"Because the lion's cub was bathed."

As I uttered the secret phrase that revealed my knowledge of Lebruneau's death, I heard Chandler groan in despair, Somehow my answer had been wrong for the Malay had leaped away and was fumbling at his belt, but I was too quick for him. A flick at my elastics and the fellow gazed down the menacing barrels of my forty-fives.

"Hands up, you scum!" I yelled, backing towards the door. Ho Fang tried to pull a dagger as he leapt to his feet and I sent a thunderous shot through his right arm, hurling him to the floor. My ruthless but necessary action brought every hand into view, and I was glad to feel the welcome pressure of Chandler's broad back against mine.

"Pull my whistle from my smock," I cried. "The chain is round my neck. I'll cover this crowd and we'll get the whole gang," then in the hope that some understood English, I added: "There are fifty armed police outside."

But the effect of this last statement was unexpected. As the whistle shrilled, the whole crowd rushed at me heads down. What followed was a nightmare. The roar of my pistols under the low ceiling was deafening, and shots, knives and bottles whizzed about me. I had sprung forward and placed a foot on the prostrate Ho Fang, but a well-aimed stool struck me full on the chest; Fang hooked his foot behind my ankle and kicked with the other below my knee, sending me flying, and as I came to the ground he struck and ripped at my breast with a heavy knife. Only my steel vest saved me from instant death.

Chandler, too, was down, but already Colbert and Rousseau were among them, striking right and left with their rubber sticks, and a dozen uniformed police were clattering down the stairs. I had gripped the Chinese's unhurt arm to prevent his escape, holding on with a last despairing remnant of will, as the struggling, fighting forms pounded about us. The lights had been extinguished and the battle in the dark became an evil dream that at last merged into the black void of unconsciousness as a frightful kick caught my temple a glancing blow. I came to my senses with the burning tang of spirits in my throat. Rousseau had pillowed my head on his knee and was winding a bandage about a wound on my scalp that bled freely. Struggling to a sitting posture, I gazed eagerly around.

"Keep still," my friend grunted. "We've got the yellow scoundrel and two apaches; the others got away through another door. The place is honeycombed with passages."

"And the fair man?" I gasped.

"Dead—someone shot him—I think it was Colbert—when he tried to stab this fellow here who fought to protect your back." It was only then I saw Bruce Chandler, of the Singapore police, sitting limply in a chair and nursing a crushed hand.

"Reminds me of that scrap at China Charley's bar at Saremban," he said weakly when he perceived I was conscious. "You've a gift for starting things, my friend. Anyhow, Fang is taken, but you will have to hurry if you hope to catch the leaders of the gang."

"The villa at St. Cloud is surrounded." Colbert remarked. "Louys did that. He 'phoned to headquarters to report that Ho Tsze Kiang had gone there after the performance at the theatre. I've been talking to our chief. If you feel better come along."

Our prisoners were locked in a police van, two officers remained on duty at the tavern door, and supported by my friends I staggered to our car. Bertillon frowned ominously when he saw my plight, but under his assumed angry demeanor I sensed genuine concern.

"You should not have gone into that place," he said. "It could have been surrounded and every man taken without all this fighting. You are supposed to use your brains, not your pistols."

"Our task was to find the man who killed Lebruneau and to prevent the fair man from warning his chief," I said lamely. "I didn't start the rough and tumble."

"Well, go at once and fetch this Chinese, Rousseau. We'll question him."

"You can't do that," the old brigadier replied grimly. "He committed suicide in the cells. Some poison he managed to hide, although we searched him thoroughly."

"May I hear exactly what you are after?" Bruce Chandler now interposed. "Perhaps I can help."

When Bertillon had rapidly outlined the events of the past week the British official looked thoughtful.

"Fang was wanted for countless murders," he said, "but he was only a catspaw. Obviously he belonged to a very complex organization that makes use of the secret Hung passwords. Therefore the leaders are Chinese. You say the Corsican found in the Louvre is dazed and helpless—as also the dancing girl, and both have a dragon tattooed on their necks. I've heard of that trick before. During my twenty years' service in the East I've come across strange things. Can you send for the fellow and get me some drugs? Here is the list," and he scribbled rapidly on a sheet of our official paper.

Bertillon looked up with a startled expression when he had read it.

"Strong stuff, this. You are sure it'll not harm the man?"

"Certain; I've used it before."

Food and drink was served to us while we waited, and an hour later a haggard creature, unkempt and unshaven but wrapped in a warm cloak, was led into the office. He drank the cup of black coffee, into which the Englishman had poured a tablespoonful of his mixture, without appearing surprised at finding himself surrounded by strangers. Thereupon Chandler placed him in a chair, extinguished the lights in the ceiling, and taking a small convex mirror from his pocket, focussed the rays of a lamp so that a dazzling beam struck full into the man's eyes.

Then began a queer scene that savored of black magic. Pressing his hands on the Corsican's temples he passed them slowly downwards again and again, murmuring a curious formula in Malay. Abruptly he cried in a loud insistent voice in French, "You are awake, Costa, you can speak. Tell us who ordered you to sleep."

I saw the man's lips twitch spasmodically, but although his throat worked and his body was shaken with tremors he uttered no sound. Yet the constant hypnotic repetition of the same words finally appeared to reach his dulled brain, for with a sudden horrible spasm, he cried, "The Spider, the Spider."

At the words Bertillon leapt to his feet, with blazing eyes, but Chandler waved him back.

"Who is the Spider?" he demanded roughly.

The momentary effort had left the Corsican weak and trembling.

"The Spider—Shan, the Spider! Shan, the Spider!" he said once more in a dull voice, then his head sank on his breast. A long pregnant silence followed. Moistening his lips with an effort Bertillon croaked hoarsely, "Hanoi Shan, whom we thought dead. That explains much. To think that fiend is active again."

"You know what it means?" Chandler asked curiously, forcing some spirits between the unfortunate Corsican's lips.

"Hanoi Shan, nicknamed the Spider—once governor of a province in Indo-China—is the worst criminal we've ever hunted. What do you think, Monsieur Chandler, has been done to this man?"

"Poison and hypnotism. He will never recover. I've seen the like before. A secret process only known to adepts of the Tien Ti Hui. I suggest that the house at St. Cloud be raided at once."

Our chief looked questioningly at each of us in turn.

"We'll do it, chief," Rousseau growled, and

Continued on Page 22

"The beam of Rousseau's flashlight rested on a table in the centre, where sat three men. Two of them, garbed in loose Chinese dress, were dead, their heads resting against the high-backed chairs, while between them, still in evening dress, sat Ho Tsse Kiang, a foolish smile on his face, his eyes staring vacantly at the table cloth.

"But at that instant both inner and outer doors slammed shut. Suddenly a square flap in the ceiling was raised and the hideous and malevolent face of the 'Spider' was framed in the opening. He had smeared some kind of luminous paint on his cheeks, so as to give them a cruel, deadly aspect.

"'Ha, ha!' the creature called out gleefully. 'The sign of fire! And you don't know what it means?—Well, you will—you will!'

"As the face was withdrawn my pistol spat redly, but just a second too late; then a frightful explosion shook the house."

Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

Peggy Had Posed for Arthur Terry and Gotten a Huge Thrill Out of It.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Peggy Deane, penniless and woefully unable to cope with the turmoil of London, attempts an amateurish blackmail plot on Peter Graves, a brilliant and successful young English playwright. She quite frankly admits that she did it to get money for the good time she has been deprived of all her life by a puritanical aunt.

Intrigued by her naive daring, Graves decides upon an experiment. He offers her a job as his secretary-companion for eight weeks. During the day she will be his secretary and in the evening his companion in the gay life of the theatre. In this way she can pay back the money she has gotten from him and have her good time, too.

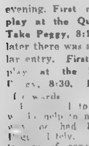
Peggy agrees enthusiastically. She becomes an efficient secretary and fits naturally into Peter's circle of friends who all like her.

The first night on her new job she meets Tony Walton, a matinee idol and Julie [illegible], prominent actress greatly interested in Peter. After dinner Tony suggests they all go to a night club but Graves vetoes the idea [illegible] Peggy. Back at the hotel he [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XVI.

An Unfortunate Accident.



ABSENT MINDEDLY, Peter Graves scratched his head, glanced at his watch, at the sun-splashed buildings across Piccadilly, at the bag of clubs in the corner of his hotel room, and decided for golf.

He walked back to the table. A neat pile of typed letters waited to be signed. His engagement book, with a few entries in Peggy's writing on the top page, lay beside them. He picked it up.

The first entry was for that evening. **First night of Tony's play at the Queen's,** he read. **Take Peggy, 8:15.** A few days later there was a somewhat similar entry. **First night of Julie's play at the Royalty. Take Peggy, 8:30. Party at Julie's** [illegible]wards.

[illegible] to himself. That w[illegible] help to make up for the way [illegible] had been neglecting Peggy [illegible]. He had had a [illegible] of conscience about it [illegible] but the prospect of the two engagements, out of [illegible] which Peggy could be ex[illegible] the maximum of [illegible], eased his mind.

[illegible] that he had deliberately neglected Peggy. The filming of his play at Elstree had taken a lot of his time. He had been away from the hotel for long periods, and Peggy had been left very much to herself. Not that that mattered. She seemed to be able enough to look after herself, he thought, and to have amusement provided for her by many other people.

They were always 'phoning her nowadays, these other people. She had fitted into the hectic life as if it had been hers always. There was really no need for him to feel he had neglected her. Peggy herself had probably never noticed it. Peter walked back to the window. Still, he had promised to give her a good time, not just see that she got it somehow or other. He didn't feel too sure that he was living up to his part of the bargain. He had meant to keep a more watchful eye on Peggy.

She came in while he was thinking about her. He watched her crossing the floor to come to him. The same quiet, darkness of her. She hadn't changed much. Mysteriously quiet and assured. He could never tell how much of the assurance was genuine and how much was posed. He had not been able to tell on their first night together. She acted well, hid herself well. Elusive. Or just sensitive? He wondered.

"You've done your hair differently," he said suddenly.

She laughed at his noticing it. "Yes, it was Julie's idea. Like it?"

He put his head on one side critically. His bright blue eyes held her for a moment.

"It's rather nice. I think I do like it. A trifle sophisticated, perhaps."

"That's why Julie did it like that. She says I'm getting quite worldly-wise."

"Are you?" He took up the pen to sign the letters.

"What do you think, Peter?"

He was much too serious, she thought. Those silly serious lines about his mouth!

He signed the letters before answering her, reading some of them and taking the others for granted. Then he put down the pen, and looked at her again.

"Oh, I think there's still hope for you," he said lightly.

"You mean I'm not too far gone?"

"I think you've too much sense to get too worldly-wise, Peggy."

She made a mock curtsey.

"You're like these letters of yours." He tapped the signed letters and handed the pile to her. "Most of you can be relied upon."

She exploded with laughter. "Peter! That's a funny compliment! Is that all you can say for me?"

He got up, and took her arm, and led her toward the door.

"I'm playing golf this afternoon, Miss Deane," he said, with pretended seriousness. "And I [illegible]"

She slipped out of his grasp. "This afternoon?"

"Yes." Then he said with a hint of a chuckle [illegible] "And not [illegible]"

Peggy remembered, without looking at his engagement book, the first night of Tony's play.

"You haven't forgotten tonight?"

"Our going out together?"

"Yes. It's Tony's first night, Peter. We must see that."

He wondered whether she thought more of the play than of his escort.

"I haven't forgotten," he said. "I shall be back in time."

"I'm awfully keen to see the play." Her face colored with eagerness. "I've read some of it in manuscript."

"I didn't know that."

"And Tony rehearsed some of it with me once."

"Really." He went away from her toward the bag of golf clubs. "How interesting."

"It was terribly thrilling."

He wished suddenly that she played golf. How wonderful to put her in the car and whiz her off to a course in the country. Away from this din and heat and stuffiness in the Summer. A wasted Summer, he thought. The best months of the year spent in town. That beastly revival of his play. And those awful film people at Elstree. Time-wasting, incompetent devils! This circus of an hotel. And all the time his lovely house in the country lying unoccupied. Neglected. Mrs. Smilson, who looked after it and him, shaking her head despondently. Griggs, his gardener, pining away through lack of appreciation. He had wanted to run down to it several times. He had wanted to take Peggy down. But there was work to do in town. And there was Peggy's "good time." She could only have that in hotels and theatres, at night clubs and cabarets, with actors and writers and all the rest of the gilded crowd.

"You don't play golf, Peggy, by any chance?"

She shook her head.

"I've never had a chance of learning."

"Of course not. Silly of me to forget."

Fun to take her away! To talk, for a change, of handicaps and hazards, of bunkers and bogeys and brassies. To groan sympathetically when she missed a short putt, and cheer her with a "well done!" when she tore out of the rough. She'd look lovely in golfing kit, too, and the men in the clubhouse would eye her furtively and appreciatively when tired, flushed and exhilarated after the game, he took her in to dinner. Dinner? Of course! Who wanted to come back to a

(Continued on Page 16)

Paris says: "So Chic and so Convenient

***one pull*... and the New Gaytees are on!"**

(No Snaps . . . No Buckles . . . No Fasteners)

Of course Paris was enthusiastic!—As enthusiastic as you will be when you have chosen *your* pair of the new Gaytees!

At last you have what you have so long been waiting for!—an overshoe without snaps, buckles or fasteners! Just one quick pull—and it's on!

And what a marvelous fit! Ducerf-Scavini, the internationally celebrated Paris shoe-maker, says: "This new slenderizing effect to the ankle I have never before seen!" The feather-weight of the new Gaytees, the snug-fitting ankle, the becoming arched instep lines, the smooth pro[illegible] by a single fastener—have brought forth enthusiastic comments from such great stylists as Le Monnier, Mary Nowitzky, and [illegible]

You can choose *your* pair of Gaytees from many other Paris-approved styles — to match every ensemble, either for sport, dress or street wear! But don't wait for the first bad weather—make your Gaytees selection *now,* while stores have a complete stock of styles and sizes! Gaytees are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

These Low-Kwik Gaytees are of featherweight rubber. Their appearance is particularly smooth because the Kwik fastener is concealed.

These Snap Fastener Gaytees are made of all rubber, in a new distinctive pattern not usually seen in this type of storm footwear.

Gaytees

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE TAILORED OVERSHOES

Now my Gums are Hard and my Teeth look Splendid *thanks to Ipana!*

1. JOHN ADVISED ME TO HARDEN MY GUMS . . .

I used to get all worked up about "pink tooth brush"—but I didn't *do* anything. John came home from the dentist's one day and told me why my gums bled and my teeth looked *gray.* "Get after those soft gums of yours," he said. "Or you'll be having gingivitis. Or pyorrhea. Or Vincent's disease."

2. SO I BEGAN WITH IPANA AND MASSAGE . . . .

The dentist had told John that since we don't eat coarse foods, our gums lack stimulation. He showed John how to massage his gums, to harden them. And John had brought home two tubes of Ipana Tooth Paste. Right then and there we started massaging Ipana into our gums every time we cleaned our teeth.

3. NOW MY GUMS ARE FIRM—MY TEETH SPARKLE

We do it twice a day. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then rub some *fresh* Ipana right into your gums. And leave it! It tastes good! If you could see how white my teeth are now—and how hard my *gums* are—you'd know how much good Ipana does. I saw the last of "pink tooth brush" [illegible]

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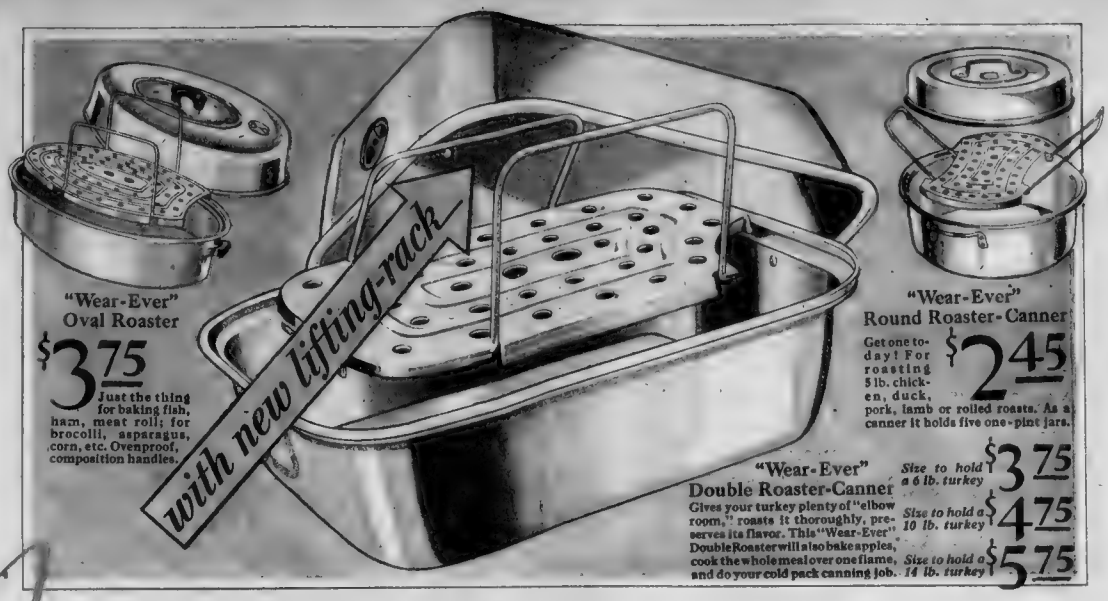

Again, as for 31 years, the best Thanksgiving Dinners will be cooked in

"Wear-Ever" ALUMINUM

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK REG U S PAT. OFF.

CAREFULLY DRESSED, temptingly stuffed with savory seasoning, your turkey is ready for roasting. Soon it will be golden brown, perfectly cooked,—if you entrust it to a "Wear-Ever" Double Roaster.

The heat spreads quickly over the bottom and up the sides of a "Wear-Ever" Roaster. Resting on the patented lifting-rack, instead of on the bottom of the pan, your turkey roasts *evenly*. As the tasty juices and aroma are released, the roaster's tight-fitting cover preserves them all. When you lift out your perfect roast, you suffer no burnt fingers or hands—thanks again to the patented lifting-rack.

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum fits every modern kitchen color-scheme

No matter what the decoration or color scheme of your kitchen, "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils, with their silvery surfaces, fit in. For aluminum is the one color that harmonizes with every other color. Nor do "Wear-Ever" Utensils lose their silvery brightness. They're rust-proof and easy to clean. And, lest we forget, "Wear-Ever" Utensils are lighter to handle than those of any other metal, and cook more evenly because they conduct heat three times faster than iron or steel.

There are "Wear-Ever" Utensils for all cooking purposes. Use them in preparing the whole meal, and you'll find *this* Thanksgiving dinner more enjoyable in the cooking as well as in the eating.

I will be glad to answer any questions you may want to ask regarding kitchen utensils. Let me send you the "Wear-Ever" Booklet on Roasting. It gives time tables for all oven roasts. It is free and was written by Caroline B. King, Women's Editor of "The Country Gentleman."

Margaret Mitchell
In charge of "Wear-Ever" Kitchens, New Kensington, Pa.

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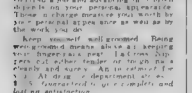


Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

(Continued from Page 14)

dusty town, to go through the fag of changing, to battle with a perspiring first-sight crowd and sit, bored and uncomfortable, through the usual dreary room play in which Tony excelled?

He felt vaguely resentful about Tony's first night. It was a shame to have to come back to town for that. It had been a wasted Summer! Peggy had been an interesting diversion, but he had been a disappointment, too. He did not know what he had expected of her. But he felt that she had not come up to expectations. August was nearly over. Soon it would be September. He would get back to the country, back to something like fresh air.

He would miss Peggy.

He turned to her to suggest that she should take up golf now, that he would give her a lesson instead of playing a match with another man.

"It was at Tony's flat," Peggy went on, knowing nothing of his thoughts. "Tony rehearsed part of the second act with me. It'll be lovely to see the play tonight after having had something to do with it off stage, Peter."

Her head was full of it. She saw only the glitter of the stage and the actors. She had posed for Arthur Terry and gotten a huge thrill out of it. All this was quite natural, he supposed, after the thing time she'd had as a youngster. It would be useless suggesting golf. She's be bored stiff.

"Peggy, get Joe on the 'phone for me, please," he said. "I'll ask him to have a game."

"And you won't be late?" she reminded him.

"No." Almost wearily. "I shan't forget Tony's first night or that you rehearsed with him, or that it was terribly thrilling."

He knew he was unkind. The laughter dropped from her, and she withdrew herself away from him into that quiet, secret kingdom of her own. And he looked at herinerably as she picked up the receiver, and wondered why he had sne it.

Peggy feared up after Peter had gone. She wanted the rest of the day ohersell. It was the first play in which she had seen Tony, and as needed time to prepare for the great event.

At four o'clck she was finished. Her lastelephone call was to make an appointment with her hair-dresser. She went out into the sunshine of Piccadilly, walked to Bond Street, and had tea. Half an hour later she walked back to Dover Street to have her hair done.

As she sat in the little cubicle her thoughts were with Tony. Kathleen, the red-haired girl who usually attended to Peggy, and who knew of her connection with the stage, half-guessed as much.

"I wish I was going to the first night of 'Man Love,' Miss Deane," she said.

"How did you guess?" Peggy asked.

"Oh, I knew you were going. Everybody's going. Half a dozen women have been in here today who are going tonight."

And all women, Peggy reflected, confide their secrets and their intentions to their hair-dresser. She had noticed it before. There must be something about a beauty shop that makes women unburden themselves. She caught, when the purring electric hair-drier was silent, the low buzz of conversation from the other cubicles.

"I think I could get you seats for another night," Peggy said. "But not tonight."

"Could you really, Miss Deane?" Kathleen paused and examined her work. "It's awfully nice of you. I'd love to see Anthony Wilham in this."

"Have you seen him before?"

"In 'The Humbert Divorce.' He was wonderful in that. And in 'Good-by, Angel.' Did you see that, Miss Deane?"

Peggy said: "I've never seen him on the stage," and Kathleen stopped in surprise.

"What a treat for you," she said enviously.

"I'm quite looking forward to it."

The hair-drier in the next cubicle was switched off.

A woman's loud voice, raised perhaps to defeat the noise of the machine, said: "Tony Walham? No, he's not married, my dear, but he'll jolly well soon be. I know that for a fact—" The voice softened into a murmur as the owner became aware that she had no competing sound to overcome.

Kathleen worked silently and skilfully on Peggy. She wanted to remain silent while disclosures were being made so near at hand. But another voice from the other side of the partition, louder and more insistent, broke the air with fresh tidings.

"You should never show a man you're keen on him, child," it said. "You've just got the disappointment you asked for. Men always fall for the girls who treat them like dirt. Walk over him and he'll like it. I remember when I was first married—"

The first voice took up the running:

"It's no secret among those in the know, Tony's been after her for ages. What's her name? Why, everybody knows—"

Peggy sat silent. A woman laughed, quite shrilly, in a far cubicle. Another electric drier came into action. The voices on all sides became a faint buzzing.

"You get a lot of information in this place," she said quietly.

Kathleen agreed.

"More than you want sometimes, Miss Deane. I don't know why so many women discuss their private affairs in a public place like this."

Another drier ceased functioning.

"Of course she never went into the desert at all" declared a hard, positive voice. "She said she did, and got all that fuss made about her in the newspapers, but you can take it from me, and I happen to know—"

Peggy regretted the loss of another rumor. But she was waiting for the first voice. Then it came again, however, its owner had passed from Tony Walham's prospective marriage with some unknown, or unnamed, woman, to the price of silk shares in which the invisible person appeared to be heavily involved. The words "scandal," "disgrace," and "rigging" came faintly through the partion.

There were no further disclosures. The individual attendants in each cubicle may have carried home a piece of priceless information from the beauty shop that evening, but Peggy remained unenlightened.

It was nearly six o'clock when she got back to the hotel. She rang Peter's room. He had not returned.

It did not worry her that Peter was not in the hotel. Often he came back at the last possible moment, and she had learned to prepare against his tardiness. Peter had not mentioned dinner. That meant that she would have to fend for herself, and order something light for him. They would probably have supper somewhere after the theatre. It was the usual thing with Peter.

She ordered some chicken sandwiches to be in his room at half-past seven, enough for both of them, and went gaily to her bath. A pleasant sense of anticipation possessed her. She had plenty of time to dress slowly and leisurely, to have a snack with Peter, to get to the theatre. She hated rushing on an occasion like this. She wanted to enjoy every minute of Tony's first night.

She hummed a fox-trot as she dressed. It was one that was already passing out of fashion, but it expressed what she felt. "Happy days are here again," she sang to herself, and danced a step or two on the floor of her room. She had bought a new pair of silk stockings. She drew them on, held her legs in the air the better to examine and admire their glossy sheen, and moved her hand caressingly along them to feel their comforting and luxurious softness.

Then she thought of Peter. He would be tired after playing golf. Dusty. Wanting a pick-me-up.

"The perfect secretary," she murmured to herself, and went to the telephone to speak to the waiter.

"With those chicken sandwiches," she said, "I want you to bring up a glass of sherry. And I want an egg switched up in it. Yes, just for one."

Peter had liked that. She remembered his look of surprised pleasure when she had got it for him once before.

Then the rest of the time she gave up to herself and her careful toilette. And she was satisfied with the result when, a few minutes before half-past seven, she examined herself in the mirror. Her chiffon frock—long, amber colored and billowy—made her appear quite tall.

She went along the corridor and tapped at Peter's door. Almost as she did so, the waiter arrived wheeling a small table. There was no reply from Peter, so she opened the door of his outer room with her own key. She supervised the placing of the table, and got the waiter to pull up two chairs to it. When he had gone she tapped on the inner door.

"Dinner is served, my lord," she said.

There was no reply.

Puzzled, she opened the door and went in. Peter was not there, and from the signs had not been there since their last meeting in the early afternoon.

She walked over to the table. There was no message from him. The two tickets for their theatre seats that evening lay beside the small envelope in which they had been sent.

The clock in the room chimed its silvery announcement of the half-hour. Peggy sat down to wait.

She was still waiting, and Peter had not arrived, when the clock told her it was a quarter to eight. With a dull sense of disappointment, she rose, went into the other room, and picked up a sandwich.

Peter was not coming. She knew it, suddenly and absolutely. It was useless to wait for him.

The happiness went out of her. She ate the sandwich slowly. The glass of sherry she had ordered for him mocked her from the table. She picked it up and sipped it.

At eight o'clock she went to her own room for her cloak and was about to walk down the passage to the lift when she remembered the tickets. She ran back to Peter's room, to one of the tickets, and scrawled a note for him which she left beside the other.

"I am going on my own," she wrote, "because I am keen to see Tony. I'm sorry you could not get back in time to come with me."

CHAPTER XVII.

First Night.

PETER telephoned to the Majestic Hotel just before six o'clock. He spoke from the club house of the Radlett Golf Club. Peggy was not in, and he asked that a long message should be taken down and sent up to her room for her arrival.

"Say that Mr. Graves phoned at six o'clock," he said. "And that I shan't be able to get back in time to take her to the theatre. Have you got that? Say that there's been a slight accident. A slight motor accident Mr. Kempner—no, not Kettner—Kempner—has been slightly injured. Very slightly. Nothing to worry about. That I'm waiting while he's attended to by a doctor, and that I'm going to take him home to Richmond afterwards. Yes, I said Richmond. Say that I suggest that Miss Deane goes to the theatre by herself, or with anyone she can get to use the other seat. That I'll be away the rest of the evening, but that I'll see her in the hotel after the theatre. Got all that? Good."

He left the telephone, muttering, "That fool of a driver!" The other man had been a fool of a driver. He had flashed across the cross-roads on the wrong side as Peter was driving slowly round the corner after his game with Joe Kempner. His car had caught the passenger side of Peter's car, and Joe had dived to dodge the flying glass. It was a glancing blow, not a head-on smash or the results would have been more serious. But they did not escape altogether. A piece of glass opened Joe Kempner's cheek.

By the time they had sorted themselves out of the mess and hurried Joe off to a doctor it was nearly 6 o'clock. Peter saw that it was hopeless to try to keep his engagement with Peggy. He telephoned the Majestic, explaining the circumstances.

The girl who took the message was new to the job. She had been at the Majestic just two days. She became confused as the message went on, wondering desperately when it was going to end. She had never taken such a long telephone message before. Perspiring with excitement, she heard Peggy's name indistinctly as Green, not Deane, and sent the finished message to Mrs. Peggy Green, another guest at the hotel, in Room 525.

Mrs. Green was swimming at Frinton-on-Sea with a friend who had taken her there in a Daimler hire. She did not return to the hotel till midnight. The message

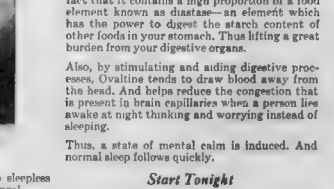
(Continued on Page 21)

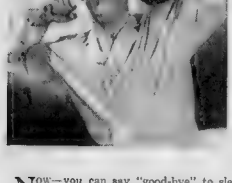
SLEEP TONIGHT

This Instant, Drugless Way

Feel Like a New Person Tomorrow

Now . . . an Instant Way to Get 8 Hours Sound Sleep at Night Entirely Without Drugs. *Brings Clear-Eyed Mornings and Energetic Days*





NOW—you can say "good-bye" to sleepless nights—banish heavy-eyed mornings!

For a way has been found to induce instant sleep—entirely without drugs. A way that brings sleep so naturally that 20,000 physicians endorse it.

It is not a medicine in any sense of the word. It is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink!

The sleep it brings is *natural*—far different from artificial sleep and the lethargy following the use of sleep-producing drugs.

It is a delicious food-drink you take at night a few minutes before you go to bed. You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep 8 hours as soundly as a child.

In the morning you awake completely refreshed, in body and mind. Your whole being is recharged with new vitality.

It Does These 3 Things

The name of this remarkable product is Ovaltine—discovered in Switzerland by a scientist of international fame. During the World War it was made a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It does three things no other food-combination in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Third, Ovaltine aids digestion. This is due to the fact that it contains a high proportion of a food element known as diastase—an element which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus lifting a great burden from your digestive organs.

Also, by stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And helps reduce the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake at night thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep follows quickly.

Start Tonight

So try Ovaltine tonight. See how quickly—how naturally and normally—you fall asleep.

In the morning, you'll feel like a new person. Fresh—alert clear-eyed.

Your whole appearance will reflect the result of the restful sleep you've had. And a few weeks' use of Ovaltine will show an extremely gratifying health-result. A health-result manifested by steadier nerves—stronger digestion—and buoyant energy that increases day by day.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, undernourished children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
If unable to obtain locally!

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. Z 18 — S
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine

Name _____
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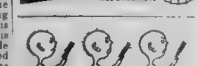
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(One package to a person) 246R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license by F. D. A. according to original Swiss formula

end to CORNS between toes

Those terribly mean corns between the toes that seem to defy all treatment they're as easily removable as any other with FREEZONE! A few drops of FREEZONE instantly put the corn to sleep. Pain is deadened at once, and soon the corn becomes so loose that you can actually lift it right out with your fingers. Hard corns or soft corns—all yield to FREEZONE. Why suffer?

FREEZONE
ALL DRUGGISTS

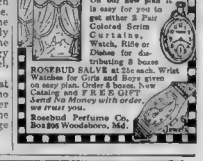


Itching scalp?

Get to the root of the trouble with Herpicide, the original scalp germicide. Thousands of men and women know that it banishes dandruff, saves hair. Generous sample: send 10c to Dept. C, Herpicide Co., Detroit.

NEWBRO'S Herpicide

FREE GIFT FOR YOU
A VERY FAVORITE GIFT



On our new plan it is easy for you to get either 3 Pair Colored Scrim Curtains, Watch, Rifle or Dishes for distributing 8 boxes ROSEBUD SALVE at 25c each. Wrist Watches for Girls and Boys given on easy plan. Order 8 boxes, have Catalog and FREE GIFT. *Send no money until orders are sold, we trust you.*

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Congestion?—Cold in Chest?

Sloan's Liniment relieves that tight, smothered feeling. Knocks out painful cold in the chest. *Warms you like sunshine* Makes it easy to breathe. Get a *fresh* bottle today, only 35¢.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

GET AT THE CAUSE OF HEADACHES . . . THIS WAY!

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Don't neglect HEADACHES!

They're usually a sign your body is being poisoned by Clogged Intestines

HEADACHES are not only unpleasant. They're serious danger signals . . . warnings of trouble that's frequently far from the seat of the pain!

Here's what doctors say:

When food wastes collect in your intestines, poisons form and spread throughout your entire body.

And when that happens, a variety of ills may result . . . headaches, irritability, 'that tired feeling,' etc. Appetite suffers . . . your whole health is impaired.

So don't neglect headaches. Get at their all-too-common cause. Decide now to get rid of constipation . . . *Intestinal Fatigue!*

For that purpose doctors, for over seventy-five years, have recommended a very simple method . . . *three cakes a day of fresh yeast.*

Eaten daily, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and cleanses your whole intestinal tract . . . softens the waste masses . . . fosters regular elimination by natural means.

Thus your blood is purified. Skin blemishes clear up. And those terrible sick headaches occur less often . . . disappear!

Try it! You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are plainly printed on the label.

IMPORTANT! —Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form, the kind famous doctors advise! Rich in vitamins B, G, D.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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In LIBBY'S Pineapple: *just the center slices*

In LIBBY'S Peaches:

superbly matched halves

and they cost you no more!

Matched halves! From the finest peaches that California grows—glorious, golden halves, marvelously uniform. Painstakingly matched for color, texture, size. Every one rich in luscious, true peach flavor. Every one delicately firm, yet tender.

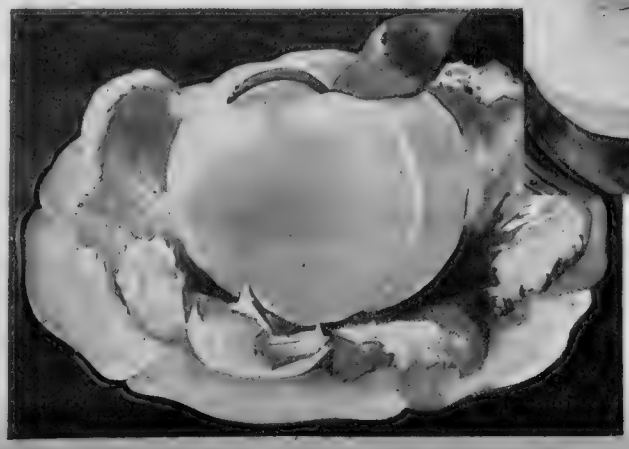
That's what you get in every can of Libby's—and only Libby gives you peach halves so superbly matched.

It's not easy, nor quick, nor inexpensive—to match peach halves like this, for Nature produces peaches in infinite variety.

Ten rigid inspections must be passed before Libby is satisfied. Inspections of the orchards, of the fruit as it comes in warm from the sun; inspections at each step of preparation, even a final test check of the fruit as canned. Eagle eyes watching, accepting this half, rejecting that; but then . . . what amazing uniformity, what flawless, luscious fruit!

And these matched halves of Libby's cost you not one penny more. So ask your grocer for Libby's California Peaches; see that you get them—there's reason for insisting. If he doesn't have Libby's he can get them for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



You'll appreciate the marvelous uniformity of Libby's Matched Halves when you make this Rosy Peach Salad! They fit together so perfectly you'd almost think it was a whole peach—until you cut into it and find a stuffing of cream cheese. For the attractive rosy color, tint the peaches with half a Libby's Maraschino Cherry or with red vegetable coloring

RADIO! *Tune in for the Libby programs, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday mornings, over the N. B. C. networks. 10 A. M. Eastern Time*

The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

"Good Heaven!" Simmonds Exclaimed in a Low Voice, and Stood Staring.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

PROFESSOR PHILIP VERITY, [illegible]

[illegible] The draft for the new will is strangely missing. Janet says she can give no reason for her father's murder or name any enemies. She admits to Lester, however, that she knows what was in the new draft [illegible]

[illegible] It occurs to Lester that he told Verity to provide two witnesses. One of them was Carnevali. Who was the other?

CHAPTER VIII.

A New Slant.

THE tension in the inquest chamber lessened when Hamilton was dismissed and Dr. Cameron, the police surgeon, called. He merely corroborated the testimony of his colleague as to the manner of Verity's death. Then Bernstein and Simmonds had a short consultation while everybody relaxed and stretched their legs, and finally Bernstein looked toward the lovely woman who sat beside the dealer in antiques.

"Mrs. Carnevali," he said, "will you take the stand?"

Madame Carnevali was a sight for the gods as she walked forward to the witness-chair and seated herself there. She wore a little black toque which I can only describe as piquant, and was dressed in a simple costume of some sheer, clinging black material—all in black except for narrow white collar and cuffs with a line of red near the edge. I could conceive of nothing better suited to her striking and peculiar beauty. But then I am partial to black. I think it the most fascinating, the most felicitous, the most dignified, the most seductive color a woman can wear. So I contemplated Madame Carnevali with absolute approval.

I despair of adequately describing her. She was stately, yet I was struck with the delicacy of her whole appearance, with her look of race, especially evident in the ever-so-slightly aquiline nose with its arched, sensitive nostrils, and in the fineness of the pointed chin. Mentally I contrasted her with her over-plump husband. Over-ripe I decided was a better adjective. Why had she married him? She should have shared a throne with Henry of Navarre, or ridden forth to a crusade beside Don John of Austria. She would have satisfied even those great lovers!

"Mrs. Carnevali," Bernstein began, and from a certain fluting note which he was unable to keep out of his voice it was apparent that he too was impressed, "will you tell us where you were last Tuesday afternoon?"

"I was at home all afternoon," she answered, and a shiver of delight ran through me at the sound of her voice, which I had been too agitated to hear when she had spoken to me. It was Duse, Bernhardt—and with that clipped accent (not to be reproduced in type), which made it doubly exquisite.

"Will you tell us what occurred?"

"I lunched with my husband at one. At about two—but is it necessary that I give all these details?"

"I should appreciate it if you would," answered Bernstein, with humility.

"Very well, then. At two I went up to my room and dressed. You see, I had been wearing a negligee."

"You intended to go out, perhaps?" suggested Bernstein.

"No. My husband had the appointment of which he has told you and at which he desired me to be present. After I had completed my toilette, I descended to the study and we talked together until Mr. Bori and Mr. Bonelli arrived at half-past three."

"You are sure it was half-past three?"

"Yes. My husband, who is not a patient man, had looked at his watch a moment before."

"You were present all through the conference?"

"Yes, except that at about four o'clock I left the room for a few moments to instruct the maid to bring in some refreshments."

The last word was uttered without the slightest stress, but just the same it brought an audible titter from the audience. To this asinine depth has prohibition brought the American people!

"Where was the maid?"

"She was in the kitchen. I rang for her and she met me in the dining-room."

"Where is the dining-room?"

"It is back of the study."

"On the side toward the Verity house?"

"Yes."

The audience sensed what was coming and hunched breathlessly forward.

"It has windows opening toward the Verity house?"

"Yes, two windows."

"Did you happen to glance out of them?"

"Yes. The sideboard is between these two windows, and as I went toward it, I glanced out of one of them."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a young man leave the Verity house and walk rapidly down the driveway to the street."

I heard Miss Verity draw a deep, convulsive breath. Startled, I glanced at her. Her face was white, her lips pressed tight together, and she was staring at the witness with a curious fixity.

"Now let us get the lie of the land," said Bernstein. "How far apart are the two houses?"

"Oh, I do not know," answered Madame Carnevali helplessly. "Fifteen metres, perhaps."

"How much is a metre?"

"But surely you know!" protested Madame Carnevali. "A metre is about three feet."

"Yes. And there is a driveway running back from the street close to the Verity house, past a side porch upon which the study opens in which Mr. Verity's body was found, and then on to a garage at the back of the lot. That is correct, is it not?"

"Yes, that is correct."

"Your husband has mentioned the fact that there is some shrubbery between the two houses."

Madame Carnevali shot her husband a fleeting glance. For a moment she seemed confused.

"Yes, there is some shrubbery," she said at last, "but the driveway can be seen quite clearly."

"Now, exactly where was this young man?"

Madame Carnevali closed her eyes in an effort to visualize the scene.

"He was just stepping down from the porch when I first saw him, and then he hurried away toward the street."

"Hurried, you say?"

"He was walking quite rapidly."

"Which way did he turn when he reached the street?"

"Oh, but I did not see him reach the street," protested the witness a little petulantly. "I merely glanced at him—there was nothing unusual about him."

"Will you describe him?" asked Bernstein.

Again the witness closed her eyes.

"He wore a straw hat with a wide brim—a Panama, I think," she began slowly, "and his clothes were of very light gray. I think he had on a blue shirt and collar. His face, I think, was clean-shaven. But I saw it only for an instant as he stepped down from the porch."

I took off my hat mentally to Madame Carnevali's powers of observation. Not one person in a hundred would have noted so much in so short a space of time.

"Now let us get this accurately," said Bernstein. "The porch you refer to is the porch at the side of the Verity place."

"Yes."

"The porch upon which the study opens in which Mr. Verity's body was found."

"Yes."

"Good," said Bernstein. "Now, Mrs. Carnevali, did you recognize this man?"

"Oh, no," answered Madame Carnevali instantly. "I have told you that I scarcely saw his face."

There was something in her manner which caught my attention. It seemed to me that her answer was a shade too prompt, a shade too emphatic. Perhaps Bernstein sensed it too.

"It is not always necessary to see a man's face in order to recognize him," he pointed out. "Was there anything about this man which seemed familiar—which reminded you of anyone you know?"

"No, not at all," said Madame Carnevali, even more decidedly. "There was nothing at all familiar about him."

"How old was he?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You spoke of him a moment ago as a young man."

"There was something about him that gave the effect of youth—his springing step, perhaps—his rapid movements."

"Ah," said Bernstein, "he was moving rapidly?"

"I have already said so," answered Madame Carnevali, plainly impatient of all these questions.

"You will excuse me if I seem to go too much into detail," apologized Bernstein, "but small details are sometimes very important. Please believe that I am not asking you any question which does not seem necessary."

Madame Carnevali inclined her lovely head, but she did not look convinced.

"You have said that it was about four o'clock when you left the study," Bernstein went on. "Can you place the time accurately?"

"I remembered my husband looked and said to me, 'We have been at this half an hour—do you not think we might have something to drink, Lucia?'"

"It was at his suggestion, then, that you went for the refreshments?"

"Yes."

"Did you yourself look at any watch or clock?"

"No. That is all I know."

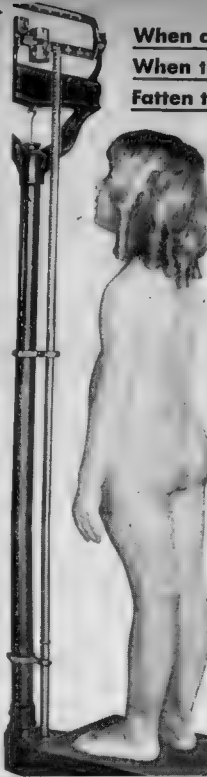
"Very well. And after you had glanced out of the window at this man, what did you do?"

"I prepared the refreshments and had the maid take them into the study."

"You returned there yourself?"

"Yes."

(Continued on Page 19)



When children "simply won't eat"—
When they just won't gain weight—
Fatten them this way—

A Pound a Week

The youngster who has no appetite, probably has *stasis*. A little fig syrup will soon correct this condition—then watch the child eat—and gain!

Mothers should never coax a child to eat. Nature knows best. Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite—get rid of *stasis*. Children who don't eat are sluggish. Not to correct this is *inexcusable*. It is so easy to do, if you will only use the "California treatment." Read what it is doing for sluggish, listless children in every part of the country!

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Your child will eat well from the day and hour you conquer sluggishness. But that girl or boy with furry tongue and a bad breath should not be dosed with salts!

Begin tonight, with enough pure fig syrup to cleanse the colon thoroughly. Less tomorrow, then every other day, or twice a week until the appetite, digestion, weight, complexion, tell you the stasis is *gone*. It might take a month, but you can positively wean the child away from constipation and need of cathartics. When a cold or other ailment has again clogged the system, fig syrup will soon set things to right.

When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, California fig syrup will gently stimulate the colon muscles—and the child you used to coax to eat will fairly devour his food, digest it, gain weight and strength.

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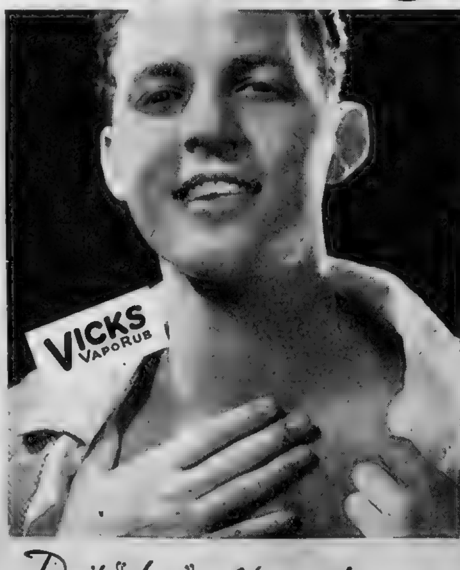

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VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

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The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 18)

"And remained there until the conference was over?"

"Yes."

"Did you mention to your husband that you had seen this man?"

"Oh no—why should I do that?" demanded Madame Carnevali. "It seemed of no importance until later when he came back and told me that an accident had happened to Professor Verity and that Doctor Hamilton had insisted on calling in the police. I told him then."

"What did he say when you told him?"

"He said it was most important and that I must inform the police," answered Madame Carnevali, in a tone which indicated how deeply she loathed the necessity which had brought her to this place.

"He was quite right," said Bernstein. "It was an unpleasant duty, and I wish to thank you for performing it. That is all, I think."

Every eye in the room followed her to her seat, and every man envied Carnevali the privilege of leaning over and patting her softly on the knee. But Carnevali did not seemed pleased.

Her maid was called next and confirmed her testimony. She was, as I have said, a somewhat unprepossessing woman of middle age, a product, so it turned out, of Mount Vernon, and she seemed to be laboring under some repressed emotion—due, perhaps, to the unaccustomed publicity of an appearance at an inquest. She had not seen the man, nor did she know that her mistress had, but she could tell the exact time, for she was in the kitchen when the bell rang and had glanced at the clock which she kept on a shelf there. It was six minutes past four.

"That is all," said Bernstein, and before the maid had regained her seat, he called, "James Cassidy."

Cassidy proved to be a middle-aged Irishman, painfully arrayed in what was evidently his best black suit, and tormented by an unaccustomed collar.

"Your name is James Cassidy?" Bernstein asked.

"Sure you know that, your honor," Cassidy began.

"Answer the question!" barked Bernstein, evidently grateful that at last he had got a witness at whom he could bark.

"Yes, your honor," said Cassidy meekly, "that's the name."

"How are you employed?"

"I'm in the street cleaning department, your honor."

"Do you know Miss Janet Verity?"

"No, your honor."

"You saw the young lady who testified first this afternoon—she is sitting there in front of you."

"Yes, your honor."

"Have you ever seen her before?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Where?"

"At the corner of Crary and Sidney avenues, your honor."

"When was this?"

"Last Tuesday afternoon, your honor."

"What time Tuesday afternoon?"

"About four-fifteen or four-twenty, your honor."

"Suppose you tell us how you happened to see her," Bernstein suggested. I suspected that he was leading up to another sensation, but I could not imagine what it was.

"Well, your honor," Cassidy began deliberately, "I had been workin' along Crary Avenue and when I got down to the corner of Sidney, I stepped into Mary Kalish's lunch room to look at the time, because I quit at five and it would take me about half an hour to get back to headquarters and get me tools put away . . . ."

"Yes, yes," broke in Bernstein. "What time was it when you looked at the clock?"

"It was four-fifteen, your honor."

"Well, go on," said Bernstein impatiently, "what happened then?"

"When I came out of Kalish's, I saw a car had stopped at the corner, and I was sort of peeved, because I had swept up a pile of paper and stuff, and the car was right over it . . . ."

"All right," broke in Bernstein. "Who was in the car?"

"That young lady yonder, your honor," Cassidy indicated Miss Verity.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, your honor. I took a good look at her. I had a notion to ask her to drive on."

"What was she doing?"

"She was talkin' to a man. He was leanin' into the car, all excited."

"How do you know he was excited?"

"He was wavin' his arms, and I heard him say, 'I won't stand it. It's too much,' or somethin' like that."

"Was that all you heard him say?"

"Yes, your honor. I thought I'd better not butt in, so I went over to the other side of the street and worked there until the car drove on."

"How long was that?"

"Only three of four minutes, your honor."

"Which way did the car go?"

"It went off toward the station, your honor."

"And which way did the man go?"

"He walked off up Crary Avenue, your honor."

"Toward the Verity place?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Describe this man," commanded Bernstein.

"I didn't see his face, your honor; his head was inside the car when I first saw him, and his back was to me as he walked away."

"But you saw how he was dressed?"

"Yes, your honor. He had on a light gray suit and he had a Panama hat in his hand." "He walked away so fast I thought he was mad about something."

"That is all," snapped Bernstein. "Miss Verity, will you take the stand again, please?"

CHAPTER IX.—

A Startling Revelation.

I SAW her imploring glance as she rose stiffly to her feet and made her way forward, but there was nothing I could do. Bernstein was entirely within his rights. I was relieved to see that she was fairly composed as she sat down and faced Bernstein, but I knew she would not spare her now.

"Miss Verity," he began, "a man called at your house yesterday morning and asked for you."

Miss Perry shot me a startled glance. How did the police know that? Evidently not from her. The Verity place, then, was being watched. Somebody—Simmonds, perhaps—was being really clever.

"Yes, there was a man," Miss Verity answered, evidently surprised by this question.

"You saw him and talked to him, did you not?"

"Yes, but only for a moment."

"Who was this man?"

"It was Mr. Chunder."

"Ah, the man who lives next to you?"

"Yes."

"He is a Hindu?"

"Yes."

"What was his business?"

"He had been away Tuesday afternoon and evening, and had not heard of father's death until yesterday morning. He wished to tell me how shocked he was by it, and how much he had thought of father. He is a very learned man. He had been helping father with his book . . ."

Her voice trailed away. She was evidently almost at the end of her strength. I determined that Bernstein should not press her too far.

"Had he been coming to your house often?" he asked.

"Yes, quite often."

"Was he there on Tuesday?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"He came just after lunch."

"What time was that?"

"About 2 o'clock, perhaps."

"And at what time did he leave?"

"I do not know. I did not see him go. I was upstairs dressing."

"Was he there when you left the house to drive to the station?"

"Oh, no. He had gone long before that."

"How do you know he had?"

"I stopped in the study for a word with father just before I left. Mr. Chunder was not there. Father was alone."

"But Mr. Chunder might have been somewhere else in the house."

"Oh, no! That is impossible. Why should he—"

"No matter," broke in Bernstein. "All you can say certainly is that he was not in the study when you went in to see your father."

"Yes. I suppose so," assented the girl indifferently.

"Now, Miss Verity," went on Bernstein, "you have heard Mr. Lester's testimony with regard to the will which your father contemplated making. Had your father said anything to you about this will?"

"He had mentioned that he intended making it," she answered in a low voice.

"When did he mention it?"

"I don't know. He mentioned it several times during the past few weeks."

"Why did he wish to make a new will?"

She hesitated a moment over her answer.

"I suppose he," she began, and stopped. "I really do not know."

"But surely your father told you why he wished to make a new will," Bernstein persisted.

"No," she answered, "he did not tell me."

"You knew about the earlier will?"

"Yes, he had told me about it."

"And you knew that under it you were his heir?"

"Yes, I knew that."

"And if he wished to make a new one, it must have been for one of two reasons, must it not? Either he wished to dispose of his property differently, or he had acquired some property which made the first will inadequate."

"I suppose so," she answered wearily. "I had not thought about it."

"Now, as a matter of fact, had your father acquired any new property, received a legacy or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no—at least I do not think so."

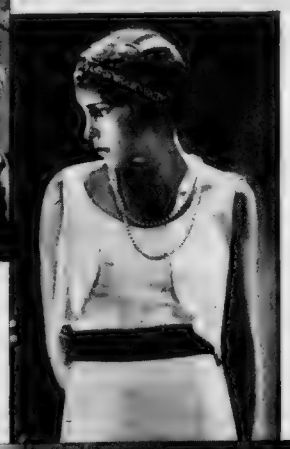
"Then . . ."

But I had already let Bernstein go too far. I decided to interfere.

"Your honor," I said, "as Miss

(Continued on Page 20)

I beauty by candlelight is the royal road to Romance....



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The House Next Door By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 19)

Verity's counsel I feel I must protest against questions based upon assumptions which may or may not be true. I advise her not to answer such questions."

Bernstein looked at me with a sardonic smile.

"So you are Miss Verity's counsel?" he asked

"Yes," I said. "I am. And I protest against such questions."

"Very well. Then I will ask a question which is not based upon an assumption. Miss Verity, are you in possession of the draft of this second will?"

"No."

"Did you see it lying on the desk?"

"No."

"Do you know what it contained?"

"No."

The three answers came short and sharp. I sat down slowly, my head whirling a little. For I knew that the last answer, at least, was a lie. And I suspected that she was able to utter it so clearly, so decidedly, because she was determined to protect not herself, but some one else. Who else. The man in gray? Was it he who would be shamefully injured if the contents of the will were known?

Perhaps some such thought was in Bernstein's mind, for he gazed at her truculently. And suddenly he shifted his line of attack

"You heard the evidence which James Cassidy gave a few moments ago?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Was it true?"

All the defiance was gone from her bearing now, he realized, I think, that she had come to a place where no lie would serve. And I could not help her.

"Was it true?" repeated Bernstein.

"Yes—yes it was true," she breathed, so low I scarcely hear her.

"Who was the man with whom Cassidy saw you talking?"

"It was . . . it was . . ."

She raised a trembling hand to her throat. Her face was white and stricken

"Take your time, Miss Verity," said Bernstein, with a kindness which surprised me. I suppose he thought that he had her cornered and could afford to be generous. "I want you to tell me this man's name."

"His name is Walter Challis," she managed to say at last.

"What is his address?"

She gave it. It was in the West Seventies and Bernstein made a note of it.

"He is a friend of yours?"

"Yes."

"An old friend?"

"We are engaged to be married," she answered, her hand still at her throat.

There was a stir in the court, a low murmur of interest and sympathy. Even Bernstein was a little taken aback

"Have you seen him since Tuesday?" he asked more gently.

"No," she said. "No—I have neither seen him nor heard from him"

And, before any one could move to catch her, her head fell forward and she slid limply to the floor.

We carried Miss Verity across the hall to a couch in the Chief's office where, under the expert ministrations of Doctor Hamilton and Miss Perry, she soon opened her eyes. She gave a dazed look around [illegible] "How silly of me!" she cried.

"Better lie still a few minutes," Doctor Hamilton cautioned.

"I am all right," she protested, but I could tell by the way she clutched the side of the couch that she was still weak and dizzy "I am ready to go on."

"Go on, nonsense!" cried the doctor "Miss Perry will take you home at once." He turned to Bernstein, who was talking in a low voice to Jenkins and Simmonds in the corner. "You see how [illegible], Mr. Bernstein."

"Yes," said Bernstein, coming forward. "I am going to adjourn the inquest. Mr Jenkins wants to call some other witnesses. I will let you know when we need her again."

"Good," said Hamilton "She will be all right in a day or two. We can get out this way, can't we?" and he indicated a side door.

"Yes," and Bernstein opened it for them "Sorry you are feeling so badly, Miss Verity," he added

"It is nothing," she assured him, and rose to her feet As he did so, she gave me a long look

"May I come in to see you after lunch, Miss Verity?" I asked

"Please do," she said, and Hamilton and Miss Perry led her away between them

I drew Simmonds to one side

"Look here, Simmonds," I said, "I don't see why Miss Verity can't give any further testimony you may want from her to you and Bernstein privately. There is no compelling reason, is there, why she should be made to face that mob again?"

"No, I suppose not," Simmonds agreed. "It will be all right with me, in fact. I don't like these public circuses. Suppose you see how Mr. Bernstein feels about it. The reporters will be pretty sore, though"

"Well, what of it?" I demanded impatiently. "By the way, Simmonds, who was it tipped them off"

"What do you mean tipped them off?"

Godfrey told me that somebody tipped off the papers that a sensation was to be sprung here today"

"I suppose that I'd heard of it. I hope you don't think it was me"

"No, I know it wasn't you—that isn't your style. Godfrey says he wouldn't put it past Bernstein"

Simmonds shrugged his shoulders.

"You know how some people are," he said non-committally.

But after I had talked with Bernstein a minute, I was pretty sure it had not been he—or else he was putting up a very artistic camouflage—for he agreed at once to my suggestion, and when I remarked that he could keep the reporters informed his face flushed with anger

"To the deuce with the reporters!" he said. "What do I care for them? They have never given me a square deal." He turned to Simmonds and Jenkins. "Who do you want to do next?" he asked

"I have phoned in to headquarters," said Simmonds, "and asked them to round up this man Challis and hold him till I can send for him. Now I think I will go around and have a little talk with this Mr. Chunder we have heard so much about."

"All right," agreed Bernstein "I will go in and adjourn the inquest and then get something to eat. Do you want me to adjourn to any special time?"

"Suppose you make it sudden," suggested Simmonds, "I do not know how long it will take to get our new evidence together."

"All right," said Bernstein again, and disappeared into the court-room

Simmonds turned to me with a smile

"Like to come along, Mr. Lester?" he asked

"Of course," I said

"Better bring a couple of your men, Chief," he added to Jenkins

"And, Chief," I said, "I wonder if you would put a man at the Verity place to chase off the reporters? There is no reason why they should be allowed to annoy Miss Verity"

Jenkins nodded

"I had already thought of it," he said.

We went out through the side door, for we wanted to avoid the reporters, too. There was a car standing in the court behind the building. Jenkins called two of his men, and in another moment we were speeding away past a park and a school-house, and then up Westchester Avenue. In five minutes we were at the Verity place.

Jenkins stationed one of his men in front of it, with instructions to permit no one to enter, and the rest of us walked on to the house next door.

It was a spacious house of brick, with a wide lawn in front and masses of carefully trimmed shrubbery. It had a well-kept and opulent look

"This Chunder seems to be well-fixed," remarked Simmonds, as he glance around. "Have you ever heard of him, Chief?"

"No," said Jenkins. "He never had anything to do with the police."

The Verity house stood some fifty feet away. The only barrier between the two places was a low hedge.

We went up the walk to the front door and Simmons pressed the bell. There was no response. He rang again without result.

"Suppose we try the side door," he suggested, and led the way around the house.

There was a driveway beside the house, just as at Verity's, running under a porte-cochere which hooded the side entrance. Here also there was a bell-push and Simmonds rang. Again there was no response.

"Let's try the back," he said "There must be somebody somewhere," and we followed him along the driveway to the rear of the house.

There was no one in sight, and Simmonds rapped sharply at what was evidently the kitchen door. After a moment he tried the door. It was unlocked. He threw it open and we found ourselves looking into the kitchen. It was empty.

Simmonds looked inquiringly at Jenkins.

"How about it, Chief?" he asked.

"I think we can risk it," Jenkins answered. "People have no business going off and leaving their houses unlocked. Looks rather queer to me. Tom," he added to the man he had brought along, "you stay out in front of the house and don't let anybody in or out. All right, Simmonds."

I noticed that he dropped his

(Continued on Page 21)

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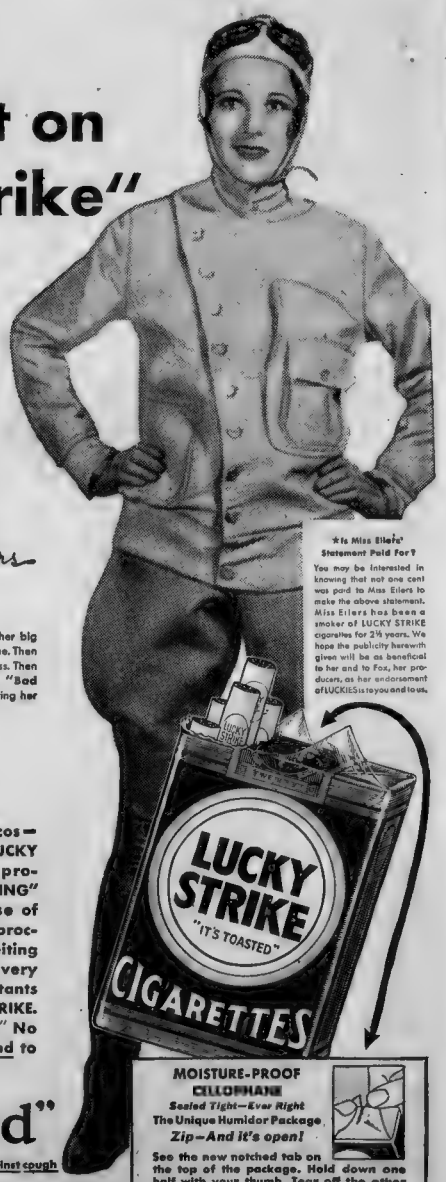

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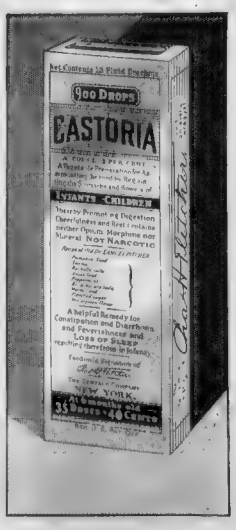

A mother was consulting an eminent child specialist not long ago about the little upsets her baby seemed to have with disturbing regularity.

Mother: "I am so careful about my baby's diet. He gets his milk, fruit, vegetables and cereal just as you advise. Everything seems fine for a time, then suddenly he starts fussing, refuses food—and I know he's in for another upset. Why is it?"

Doctor: "It's simply Nature's way of asking for a little help. Very small things cause upsets with a baby. A little too much of one food, not quite enough of another—it requires a delicate balance to keep little organs running smoothly.

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CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

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Good Time

By James Wedgwood Drawbell

(Continued from Page 16)

for Peggy lay on Mrs. Green's table.

* * *

All through the first act Peggy hoped that the vacant seat next to her would be filled. But when the curtain rose on the second act, and Peter was still absent, she settled down to the play.

She was in an audience willing to be amused by almost anything. She knew the typical London first-night audience by this time, and enjoyed the electric current of excitement that passed through the theatre. But she had the added thrill of knowing the principal actor in the piece, and of being on friendly terms with many of the people in the stalls.

It was what the gossip writers called "a brilliant first night." Crowds of sightseers had stood on the pavement before the play commenced watching the arrival of well-known people in the audience. In the theatre itself there was a stir of excited conversations, broken every half-minute by a cheer from the galleryites and petites at the entrance of one of their idols. Young girls in the gallery, hysterical through a long wait in the queue outside, shrieked the names of the different celebrities, clamored, "Bravo, Ivor!" and "Bravo, Carl!" at every good-looking young man who came into the stalls, and held up the play for five cheering minutes when Tony made his initial appearance on the stage.

It was difficult to gather what the play was about. That did not seem to matter. On every possible occasion the action was interrupted by giggles from the gallery girls, by long vicious hisses for silence from the stalls, by laughter when there should have been silence, by premature applause.

But at the end of the first act there was a yell of triumphant acclamation, the actors—bad and good alike—were hauled before the curtain, the audience crushed out into the lobbies and bars to discuss the play, and the critics, who were forced to be there, tried to drown their lot in whiskey and soda.

Peggy enjoyed it all. In the interval she met Julie, who was again with the bald-headed man. He was introduced to her in a sea of talk, and she did not catch his name.

"We're going round to see Tony at the end," Julie said. "Come with us?" And abruptly in the chatter, "Where's Peter?"

"He went to play golf this afternoon, and didn't get back in time."

Julie looked concerned.

"That's not like Peter." Her pale blue eyes changed to a smoky gray in thought. "Did you 'phone the clubhouse?"

Peggy had not thought of it.

"I didn't know where he was playing," she confessed.

Julie looked at her in surprise and reproach.

"I thought you were his little nurse," she said lightly.

They went back to their seats. It was all very well for Julie to say that, Peggy thought half-resentfully, but she did not know Peter's difficult ways. It seemed strange to Julie that he should stay away, but Peggy knew him better. It was just the sort of thing he might do. He didn't care if it annoyed her or upset her arrangements. It was easy to see he was tired of the whole business with her, and was longing for the end of the month.

In that mood she saw the rest of the play through, and went with Julie round to the stage door afterwards. They had to fight their way through throngs of people waiting to catch a glimpse of Tony after the show.

It was difficult to get into Tony's dressing room. People were converging on it from all directions. Smartly dressed women and men hung about the open door of the crowded room waiting for a chance to slip in through a break in the crowd within.

"Gangway for a naval officer!" commanded Julie in her husky voice, and in the break in the ranks caused by the distraction she pushed her way through, carrying Peggy with her.

Tony was just shaking off two gushingly adoring young things.

Julie hung back for a second to let them get it out of their systems. Then Tony caught her faintly mocking eye and he staggered away from the pair and came to them.

"Isn't it awful?" he moaned.

Julie's wide mouth curved in laughter.

"And don't you love it?"

"But, Julie, I say! It's not as bad as all that."

"Oh, yes it is. You're just waiting for us to say the same sort of silly things. Divine, Tony! Such acting! How do you do it?"

He turned for sympathy to Peggy. Julie drifted toward another acquaintance.

"How did you like it?"

"Very much, Tony."

"Not disappointed?"

"Not in the least."

He seemed pleased.

"I knew you'd be honest, Peggy. You can't tell with these others. It's not too bad, is it?"

"It's very, very good. You're really quite wonderful, as those girls said."

"Oh, rot!" But he was hungry for it. "How did you like that bit toward the end? Where Stenton accuses me?"

"That was your best, I thought. I liked it most, anyhow."

His brown eyes lit up with pleasure.

"Good. I'm glad. It's the bit I like best. I thought I was quite effective there."

"Is Peter with you?" he asked quickly.

She shook her head.

"Then why not let's go off together somewhere?"

"Aren't you having a party?" She knew they usually had.

"I'm sharing with Julie on Friday," Tony said. "After her first night we're throwing a party at her flat. Tonight I'm free. Let's do something, Peggy."

She hesitated.

"Please!"

His eyes were very eager. She felt a faint stir of excitement in her at the prospect. Peter was indifferent. Tony was eager.

"We could get a bite of food somewhere. What did you say? Have a nice quiet time together. Nothing jazzy. Just we two alone somewhere. What do you say?"

She said nothing for a moment.

"Why not come back to the flat and sit and talk?" he pleaded. "Or we could put on those records you like so much."

"It's awfully late for your flat, Tony."

"What? Midnight? Why?"

"Don't you think it is?"

"Of course not. I think it would be perfectly wonderful. Say yes, Peggy."

Something thrilled her in the pleading of a man with whom everyone else pleaded. He had all these other women who flocked into his room. Any one of them would have been thrilled to go with Tony and eat with him and listen to his gramophone afterwards, or just sit and talk to him. And he wanted her!

"All right, Tony."

"You darling!"

Someone called his name from Julie's audience.

"Wait till they've all gone," he whispered quickly to Peggy, "and we'll go off together in the car. I've got it here."

And he turned and joined easily, carelessly, in the general conversation.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The House Next Door

By Burton Stevenson

(Continued from Page 20)

hand into the side pocket of his coat as we mounted the two or three steps that led to the door and stepped inside.

It was a very modern kitchen, with a large electric refrigerator and immaculate sink and a long white gas range, above which hung a glittering array of copper utensils.

"Might be any kitchen," commented Simmonds, looking around. "Nothing Oriental about this."

Nor was there anything Oriental about the dining-room beyond, with its long, polished table and delicately shaded lights. In the wall opposite us was a wide archway hung with heavy curtains. Simmonds pulled one of these aside, glanced through, and gave a low whistle.

"Look at this, you fellows!" he said.

We looked over his shoulder into a long room which made me catch my breath. It was a magnificent room, running apparently the whole width of the house and with a lofty domed ceiling painted to represent the sky. The curtains at the windows were closely drawn, but a series of concealed lamps above the cornice flooded the room with direct light. Everything in it was a work of art—the rich, inch-thick Indian rugs, with their animal motifs, the carved teakwood table glittering in the center, the tapestried chairs, the low divan at one end, piled with gorgeous cushions. . . .

At the end of the room opposite the divan was another archway, masked with glittering draperies. Simmonds strode to it and pulled the draperies aside. A heavy cloud of incense drifted through. . .

"Good Heaven!" Simmonds exclaimed in a low voice, and stood staring.

We were beside him in an instant, looking into a sort of alcove. It was a moment before I could see clearly. . .

On a gilded dais raised three or four feet from the floor sat a magnificent bronze Buddha, his legs crossed, his hands resting lightly upon his thighs, his eyes closed, his face calm, inscrutable and remote. And in front of the dais, on the floor, sat a man in the self-same attitude. Only his eyes were not closed. They were wide-open, blank and horrible, for the balls were rolled up until only the whites showed. He was naked except for a scanty loincloth. His body was so frightfully emaciated it looked like a skeleton over which had been stretched a covering of brown parchment. Before him from a little covered vessel a thin gray column of vapor mounted into the air and was lost.

I stood staring for at least a minute, too astounded to move. It seemed incredible that one could step from the suburban banality of Westchester Avenue into this fantastic place. It was like a trip on a magic carpet. . .

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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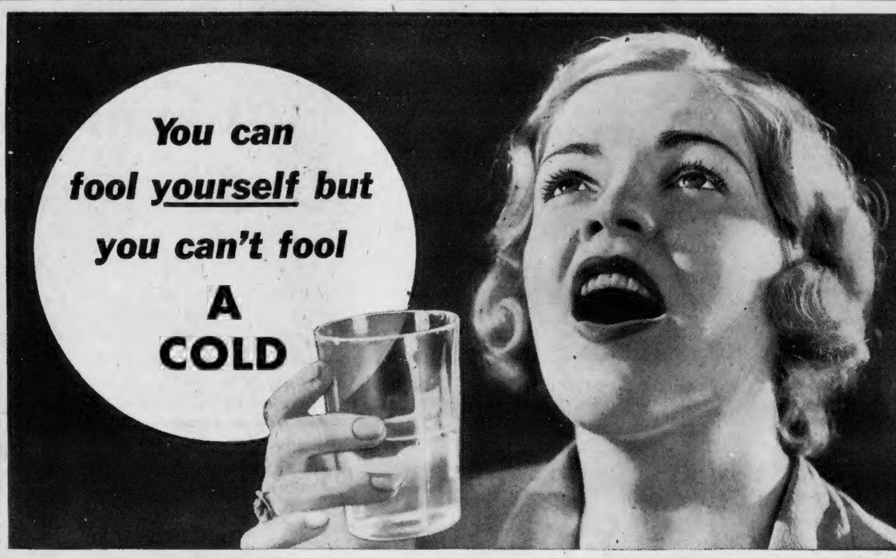

You gargle conscientiously and wonder why colds grow worse

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Kills germs in 10 seconds diluted with two parts of water

That is the startling news in this new discovery. Think! You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with one or even two parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in ten seconds. That's where other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all that power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon this new antiseptic is in your fight against colds!

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(Halitosis*)
Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. *Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.*

New security against bad breath (HALITOSIS*)

And please remember when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer! That's Pepsodent Antiseptic's record in fighting this widespread social offense due to unhygienic mouth conditions. Immediately after use—95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs remains reduced by 75%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

$3 worth for $1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix such antiseptics with water is a waste of money. Pepsodent Antiseptic, contrariwise, can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus every dollar you spend on Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far—saves you $2 for every $1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes—3 oz. for 25c—7 oz. for 50c—16 oz. for $1.00. The larger the size the cheaper per ounce.

Combating a cold and checking bad breath are only two uses for this remarkable antiseptic. There are scores of other uses. Some are listed on this page. Learn to rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic whenever a safe, effective germ-killing agent is required. Keep it in the home. Take it with you when you travel.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Cold in Head	After Extractions
Throat Irritations	After Shaving
Voice Hoarseness	Minor Cuts
Bad Breath	Blisters
Cold Sores	Loose Dandruff
Canker Sores	Checks Under-Arm Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	Tired, Aching Feet

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis**—A malodorous condition of the breath.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

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Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Double Page)

I nodded approvingly. "I'd go without rest for a week to get that scoundrel."

"Very well! You have yet two hours before dawn, the best time for a surprise visit. Order the cars. I'll get in touch with the river police. We know his tricks now. The Villa des Tilleuls is close to the Seine, as usual."

"I'll go to bed if you don't mind," Chandler said with a yawn. "This is routine work and doesn't concern me. My task was to find Ho Fang. If you want me, telephone to the Bristol Hotel."

When we emerged from the Bois de Boulogne a dense mist was swirling over the road, and through this the trees loomed dimly like huge, silent sentries. At that hour we encountered only a few farmers' carts laden with produce for the city, their drivers asleep or drowsing, with loosely dangling reins. We slipped past these with silent engines, showing no lights, for long experience had taught us how incredibly cunning the Spider could be. Even a farmer's cart might conceal unseen watchers. Our only hope of taking this monster of a hundred murders by surprise was that perhaps he believed we knew nothing as yet of his presence in Paris, and since he would rely on the blighting poisons which had robbed Costa and the Flower of their memory and since the fair man had been killed, there was just a chance of this, unless Kiang had warned him in time.

The V"a des Tilleuls was a large square building, surrounded by a hedge of holly and briar behind which ran a net of steel wire. Silent as ghosts we skirted this apparently flimsy yet formidable barrier, for steel wire suggested electrical signals. The gate, too, was swung from massive stone pillars, and above it ran the same spiked netting. The house itself appeared dark and deserted, but a low white from the rear warned us that there were dogs loose in the garden.

"Louys should be here," the brigadier whispered, peering at the belt of trees.

"So he is," came a sibilant reply from the ground, "but not fool enough to show himself against the skyline. I've a man concealed under the hedge every ten yards. What need was there for you to come?"

I felt for and found my friend squatting in a little recess he had cut for himself and explained what had happened.

"I guessed something had stirred them up," he remarked. "Kiang got here at midnight—"

"Good, then he can't have known of the fight at the tavern. No one else?"

"No, but since you tell me Hanoi Shan is here, there may be other means of ingress and exit," Louys said. "It's queer they've not tried to telephone."

"The river—" I ventured.

"Not anywhere near. I've a boat above and below."

"Well, get your tools and make a hole under the wire," I said, turning to Rousseau. "And send for rugs from the cars to twist about the dogs' heads if they attack. If we wait much longer day will break."

We were accustomed to foresee every eventuality, even a pick and spade had been brought, and soon a broad ditch gave us access to the garden. Holding the thick rugs before us we fended off a huge Alsatian that leapt at us with gleaming fangs, and under the weight of a dozen men the powerful beast was quickly trussed and its jaws tied. We waited to make sure its ferocious snarling had not alarmed the inmates of the villa, and since apparently nothing stirred, crept softly to the massive door. Rousseau turned the handle tentatively, and a low involuntary exclamation burst from him as it swung open.

"Queer," he muttered. "It was not even locked."

Step by step, our electric flashlights flickering from side to side, we advanced along a narrow passage to a room at the extreme end, of which the door stood ajar. Abruptly Rousseau's moving light steadied and rested on a table in the centre, covered by a white cloth. At this table sat three men, and my scalp tingled with horror as I looked at them, for two, garbed in loose Chinese dress, were dead, their heads resting against the high-backed chairs, while between them, still in evening dress, sat Ho Tsze Kiang, a foolish smile on his face, his eyes staring vacantly at the tablecloth. I saw then that Chinese letters had been traced on it in red.

"Quick—switch the lamps on and search the house," I cried, mastering my horror with an effort. "No need for silence, our visit was expected."

Colbert at once flooded the room with light, and while our men clattered up and down the stairs we examined the ghastly trio.

"Shan's work, of course," Rousseau snarled. "Remember those nervi in the centipede case? These have been stabbed in the back also, and the curio dealer is mad. What's that writing in front of him?"

"I can't quite make it out," I said. "I think it means, 'Fools are worse than traitors—' and then there is the sign of fire—see—a man's head with his two arms above it. What that signifies I can't say—well?" as our men came crowding into the room.

"The house is empty. Only this bloodstained swordstick on a bed upstairs, as though it has been left purposely, and a bundle of banknotes in a cupboard."

"That's the weapon which killed Lebruneau—" I was beginning, but at that instant both inner and outer door slammed shut; a grinding of bolts followed; the light was extinguished and from the garden came a shrill whistle. Hardly had the last vibration died away when a square flap in the ceiling was raised and the hideous, malevolent face of the Spider was framed in the opening. He had smeared some kind of luminous paint on his cheeks, which gave him a truly diabolical aspect.

"Ha, ha!" the creature gurgled gleefully. "The sign of fire, eh? And you don't know what it means—well you will—you will."

As the face was withdrawn, my pistol spat readily, but just a second too late; then a frightful explosion shook the house, a crimson glare shone through the windows and under the door, and a pungent odor of gasoline and ether caused us to gasp and choke.

"He's fired the house," Colbert yelled. "We're caught in a trap; pile chairs on that table, upwards is our only hope. Don't force the door or we'll roast."

Before he had finished his frenzied speech we were pounding away at the flap through which Shan had mocked us. Our levers soon tore it away, but already flames were crackling and hissing through a charred panel and the room began to fill with stifling fumes. The trap door led to the loft, and we tore frantically at the rafters and tiles until at last a gaping hole gave us access to the roof. Flames were licking up the walls, windows and doors spouted fire, but on one side there was a dark gap where Louys had smashed a cistern and drenched the woodwork.

He had gathered his men here in three groups, and they held rugs and a large square of canvas by the corners to break our fall.

"Jump!" Louys yelled. "It's your only chance. Quick, the blaze is spreading."

One after another we made the dreadful leap to safety. Rousseau came last, dragging the crazed Chinese, and before jumping, he flung him outwards with all his strength. But his plucky act was in vain, the heavy body just missed the taut canvas, striking the ground with a sodden shock.

We met in Bertillon's office the next afternoon, white, shaken, and filled with rage and despair at our failure to capture Hanoi Shan, but our chief's first words caused every man to thrill with hope.

"We tried galvanic currents and hypnotism on the dancing girl. She was not so far gone as Costa. It was Ho Fang who murdered Lebruneau. She saw his face at the window of the local train as it drew away. She also described what she calls the hall of mirrors. I have heard of such a contrivance before. It was there they mesmerized her, using post-hypnotic suggestion, so that at sight of Fang's eyes, when he glanced at her in the train, her mind became a blank.

"Yet she vaguely remembers that something wet and sticky was pressed on her face as she entered the compartment just after the murder. No doubt the man who threw the suitcase with the money from train nineteen to the other pressed the stuff on her face to prevent her from crying out at once. She has given us some precious indications which should make it fairly easy to find Shan's real retreat. She described underground rooms where big machines print the bank-notes, which she thinks is near a river. She was always blindfolded when taken there, it appears, but once she managed to move the bandage a little. Moreover, she took note of the speed of the car and the time that elapsed after passing the Neuilly gate where they blindfolded her.

"Now get what rest you can, you'll need a few days to recuperate. I'll start the search for this place. One piece of bad news I must, however, tell you," and turning to me, Bertillon added gravely, "Your plucky friend from Singapore has vanished, and we can guess why. He it was who gave me the idea that the Lotus might be brought round by hypnotism. The hunt is on; alive or dead, this time the Spider must be found."

* * *

Despite Bertillon's brave work, however, we were destined never to enter the Asiatic's secret headquarters, for when at last we discovered the house with the twin towers, not far from the Seine, at Suresnes, the Spider was warned in time of our approach. As we crept forward at dawn, eager to come to grips with the creature, flames spurted from every door and window, and by the time the hastily summoned fire brigades were masters of the conflagration Hanoi Shan had vanished, abandoning his formidable plant for printing counterfeit notes, and several stacks of worthless paper money.

For nearly a year nothing more was heard of him, but the net drawn about the frontiers and seaports at last forced him to emerge from his retreat in order to live. The scheme he evolved for robbing society of the wealth he coveted was worthy of his twisted brain, and this scheme, classified in the police dossiers as the "Mystery of the Stolen Portraits," finally brought him into our clutches.

Some charred human remains in a cellar under the riverside house were all we found of Bruce Chandler. Hanoi Shan had kept him chained there, probably in order to force him to reveal the plans of the Singapore police, who were actively hunting down the Chinese members of the Tien Ti Hui.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Rabbits Are Running

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WITH the "open season" for game and hunting in full swing, the home manager should consider some of these special meats and poultry for variety in her menus. The eternal question, "what shall we have for dinner tonight?" can be answered by a choice of rabbit, pheasant, duck, quail, and in some sections, venison.

The rabbit or hare is common, only too common, in most localities, and its flesh has long been held in high favor, especially by men to whom its gamey flavor has a strong appeal. Women seem less fond of it, or perhaps they have disliked the task of skinning and preparation. The modern food dealer has been wise in his feminine psychology, and now skinned and cleaned rabbit is to be found on most butchers' and meat dealers' counters.

Indeed, this anciently popular meat has recently been the subject of special breeding and marketing. In addition to the wild rabbit which comes into the market, there is a new, improved "milk-fed rabbit" which should make a special bid for the housewife's favor. Like any milk-fed animal, its flesh is much more white, tender, and of a more delicate flavor. The Government has interested itself in this new rabbit culture, and special rabbit farms are scattered the country over. When the housewife asks her dealer for this milk-fed rabbit, she will be shown an article which is skinned completely, cleaned well, and which has all the appearance of a young broiler or duck.

On the score of economy—and that is a distinct point in the rabbit's favor—its flesh is considerably less expensive than poultry, which it so closely resembles. A "brace" (two) of rabbits come to about the same cost as a heavy frying or stewing chicken. But its taste is quite different enough to warrant its cost. Why always stick to steak and chops and roast, when a special, seasonal item like rabbit is running heavily in the November meat market?

Practically any recipe for chicken can be followed with rabbit. But since its savor, or flavor, is its distinctive characteristic, the manner of cooking should preserve this savor to the utmost. That is why stewed rabbit, or pot-pie rabbit, rabbit fricassee, etc., are perhaps the general treatments to be preferred. Any way of cooking which gives gravy, and plenty of it, and which combines this gravy with some accessory on which it can be used to advantage, such as mashed potatoes, boiled rice, pastry or dumpling crust, is the ideal rabbit recipe.

The body consists of two sets of legs (which are the most tender eating), and the back, which had best be broken or divided into two parts for easy cooking. The organs are not often used unless a very gamey flavor is liked. And now for the best fricassee method: Have the rabbit well cleaned, cut into sections, and wiped dry. Flour lightly. Have a skillet hot with neutral oil, and lay in each piece separately and saute on all sides until lightly browned. Remove all fat from skillet. Pour over one or more cupfuls of boiling water or stock, reduce the heat to simmering, and continue cooking on this slow low fire until the meat is very tender. In this cooked form, the rabbit is ready to become the basis of a pot-pie made with a plain or rich crust, or to have dumplings dropped over it and its gravy.

This cooking may be done in a deep frying-skillet, always with a lid; or in a casserole in the oven, also a slow fire; or in a deep kettle as is a meat pot-roast. The utensil does not matter, as long as the heat is slow, the dish kept covered and the gravy not allowed to escape.

A "rabbit-pie" was ever a favorite in England and other countries where game used to be more plentiful, and English fiction is full of exact descriptions of how it was made. Old elaborate menus of the middle-ages always included rabbit-pies with miraculously fashioned and heaped up crusts. In one of these ancient recipes, it calls for onions, minced ham, mushrooms, bay leaves, and "two sprigs of thyme." Indeed, every recipe is improved with onions, with a little lemon juice to counteract the over-heavy flavor, and plenty of plain pepper and salt.

The economical and popular dish called "Shepherd's Pie," and known to every thrifty housewife, is made into a glorified service if a rabbit stew is the basis. Make the stew as suggested above, then fill into a round or shallow glass casserole. Cover with hot and well-seasoned mashed potato, and place in oven to brown.

Husbands are terribly fond of chicken pot-pie which chefs in men's clubs assert is the popular man's luncheon dish. It, too, can be varied, and made as a home dinner dish by using rabbit meat, especially the leg meat, and covering with a pastry crust. If served in small individual glass casseroles it is more attractive and easy to keep hot.

Of course rabbit makes a delicious, strong and quite pleasing Winter soup. For this, one may use only the backs, leaving the legs for some main dish. The main seasonings should be carrot, thyme, onion, pepper, nutmeg, parsley. Cover and simmer as usual. Skim fat and strain. Rice is a good thickener for this soup. If liked, use cooking sherry or tomato catsup for additional flavor. The plain small "elbow" of macaroni also is a good thickener after straining.

In other recipes for pot-pie, the use of hard-cooked eggs and bacon strips is mentioned. Naturally, bacon or ham with its smoky taste is a good counterfoil for rabbit—another strong flavor. But use only a "suspicion," as the French chef says, for accent, not over emphasis.

Another dish is rabbit with small white onions—just another variety of stew where the best meat only is used, together with about an equal amount of small white onions, in a gravy thickened and garnished with plenty of minced parsley.

Russia's First "Talkie" Star

SOVIET RUSSIA has not solved anywhere near all the problems that have grown out of its attempt to establish a Government literally "of the people and by the people." But with all its political, industrial and economic problems the nation is keeping abreast of the times in inventions that make the tasks of life easier and leisure moments more enjoyable. As an example of this alertness to the most modern things, witness Russia's prompt adoption of the talking movie.

At the time sound was first being introduced into films, the Soviet Government was encouraging the activities of several concerns producing made-in-Russia photoplays. Many of the actors and actresses under contract with these companies had become popular favorites and enjoyed much the same standing throughout the Soviet Union as the idols of Hollywood do in this country.

Several of the ablest technical experts in Muscovite moviedom came to America, studied the methods by which sound effects are brought to the screen and made arrangements to take the rights to produce talkies home with them.

As soon as the necessary equipment had been set up in the studios of the country's leading motion picture company the directors were faced with the problem of selecting the players with the best speaking voices. Russian, it seems, is more difficult to transfer clearly to the screen than English, and the problem was not an easy one. It was particularly hard to find a feminine star whose voice reproduced well.

After months of voice tests, the directors came to the conclusion that Mlle. Vera Natasha, already a screen favorite all over Russia, was their best bet and they engaged her to play the leading role in their first sound picture.

Mlle. Natasha, in addition to having a rich contralto voice that does not squeak over the mechanism of the sound reproducing device, is very good to look upon and is an able actress in either tragic or farcical roles. She is exceedingly fair of skin and this fairness is emphasized by her white hair and her deep brown eyes framed in luxurious lashes. She has often been likened in appearance and in her interpretations of movie roles to the late Barbara La Marr.

Russia's first venture in the talkies is still in production and probably will not be shown in the movie theatres of Leningrad and Moscow for several weeks, but it is said that the story is, like many another made-in-Russia movie, thinly veiled propaganda for the ambitious political experiments still going on in the former domain of the czars.

Critics who have seen previews of part of the movie in the studios are enthusiastic over the selection of Mlle. Natasha as Russia's first talkie star and have little fear that she will be lured away from them by American movie magnates because she speaks practically no English. Like many of America's feminine talkie stars, Mlle. Natasha developed her well-modulated speaking voice in many years of work in stock and legitimate stage productions.

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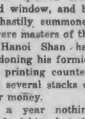

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Recipes That Are a Little Different

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fried Chicken Surprise.

CAREFULLY dress young chickens. Keep in an icebox over night. Fry. Set on back of stove until dinner time. Serve on platter with a garnish of broiled pineapple, savory broiled tomatoes or baked stuffed tomatoes and paprika biscuits. Serve a crisp green salad with the chicken and a simple dessert.

Paprika Biscuit.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in 4 or 5 tablespoons butter with two forks or tips of fingers. Add a scant cup of milk and mix lightly. Turn out on floured board and pat and roll. Shape with a biscuit-cutter, brush over with milk and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven.

Coffee Fritters.

MIX ¾ cup strong coffee with 2 tablespoons sugar and a few grains salt. Cut stale bread in strips. Dip the strips into the coffee mixture. Cover each strip with fine bread crumbs. Then dip in ¾ cup cream mixed with one well-beaten egg. Again cover with fine bread crumbs. Fry in hot, deep fat and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with old-fashioned coffee cream sauce.

Spiced Nuts.

BLANCH and dry nuts thoroughly. Roll in egg white, sprinkle with salt, powdered cloves and cinnamon and instant coffee. Let stand in a moderate oven until nuts are delicately browned.

Economy Dessert.

RESERVE about 1½ cups left-over coffee. Keep in icebox until ready for it. Soak 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, dissolve in the reheated coffee and add ¼ cup sugar. When mixture begins to congeal beat ½ of it until light and fluffy. With a tablespoon arrange plain and beaten jelly alternately in serving-glasses and serve with plain or whipped cream.

Boiled Pig Knuckles.

WASH the pig knuckles, place them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water. To 4 knuckles add 3 sliced carrots, 1 sliced onion, a clove of garlic, a stalk of celery, juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon allspice and 1 bay leaf. Boil for 10 or 15 minutes. Reduce heat and simmer until tender, or about 2½ hours. Add 1 tablespoon salt during the last half-hour of cooking. Serve hot with old-fashioned German potato dumplings or sauerkraut.

Date Nut Bread.

(For sandwiches.)

WASH and stone 1½ cups dates. Cut in pieces and pour 1½ cups boiling water over them. Add 2 tablespoons shortening, 1½ cups sugar and 1 teaspoon salt and let stand until cool. Add 1 beaten egg, 2¾ cups sifted pastry flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat well and add 1 cup chopped walnut meats and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly and turn into a greased and floured loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 1¼ hours.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Cereal, Muffins, Broiled Bacon, Coffee.	Fruit, Plain Omelet, Rolls, Coffee.	Bananas with Cream, Poached Eggs on Graham Toast, Rolls, Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Broiled Calf's Liver, Baking Powder Biscuit, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Shad Roe Cakes, Creamed Potatoes, Graham Bread, Coffee.	Fruit, Corn and Bacon Omelet, Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit Juices, Sausage Balls, Buckwheat Cakes, Apple Sauce, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Cheese Fondue, Pineapple and Banana Salad, Rolls, Spiced Orange Cup.	Cabbage au Gratin, Corn Sticks, Pineapple Gingerbread, Tea.	Tuna Fish or Baked Macaroni, Green Peas, Spiced Grapes, Corn Starch Blanc Mange with Fruit Sauce.	Home Made Succotash, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Loganberry Charlotte, Tea.	Cream of Broccoli Soup, Croutons, Shortcake, Tea.	Boston Baked Beans, Boston Brown Bread, Savory Tomato Aspic on Lettuce, French Dressing, Apple Meringues Pie, Tea or Cocoa.	Roast Capon with Bread Stuffing, Giblet Gravy, Spanish Onions, Jelly, Green Salad, French Dressing, Apricot Brioche (Baking Powder Brioche).
Dinner (Company)	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Roast Lamb with Creme de Menthe Pears (Home Made), Parsley Potatoes or Noodles, Glazed Carrots, Cauliflower and Green Pepper Salad, Coffee, Jelly with Whipped Cream, Date Bars.	Orange Cup, Curry of Veal with Steamed Rice, Buttered String Beans, Shredded Lettuce and Beet Salad, Apple Pie with Vanilla Ice Cream.	Old-Fashioned Shore Dinner (Fish and Vegetables in Season), Corn Bread, Vegetable Salad, Lemon Sherbet, Cup Cakes.	Beef Loaf with Brown Gravy, Browned Potatoes, Stuffed Squash, Steamed Broccoli, Pineapple Tapioca.	Broiled Fish, Relish in Lemon Cups, Steamed Potatoes or Spaghetti, Buttered Green Peas and Carrots, Baked Apples Stuffed with Pineapple, Half Cups Coffee.	Oyster Stew, Crackers, Pineapple Salad, Date Bars.	Capon a la Newburg (Left-Overs), Potato Chips, Rolls, Stewed Fruit, Economy Cake.

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